# DINOSAURS

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# DINOSAURS ©

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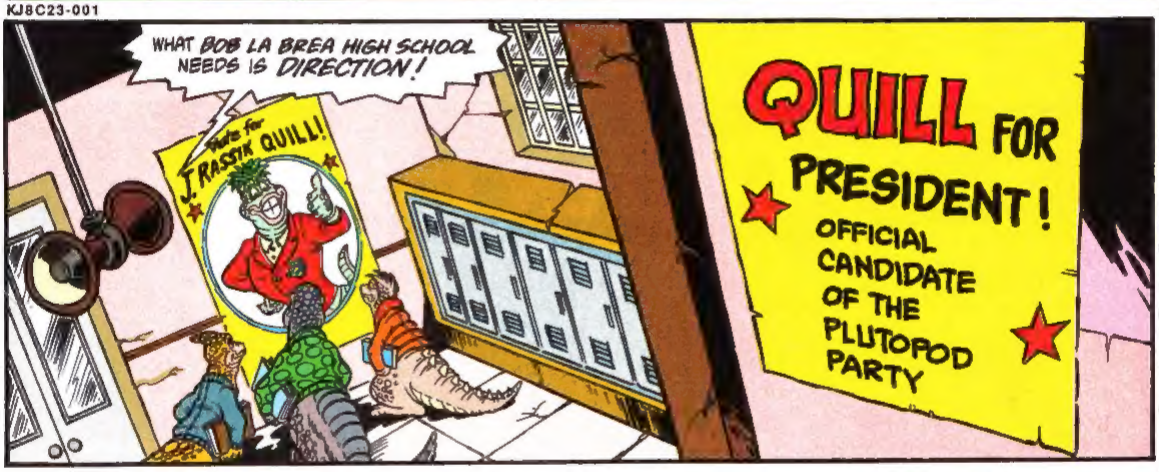
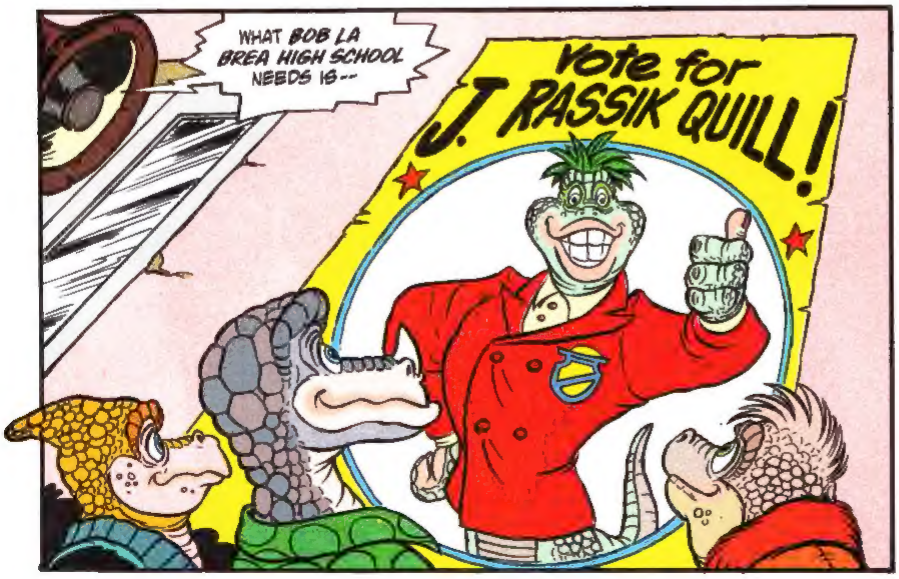

WHAT BOB LA BREA HIGH SCHOOL NEEDS IS DIRECTION!
Vote for J. RASSIK QUILL!
QUILL FOR PRESIDENT!
OFFICIAL CANDIDATE OF THE PLUTOPOD PARTY



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# DINOSAURS. CITIZEN ROBBIE PART ONE

POSALUTELY BLAM-O-RAMALATED! WAY TO PLUNGE, MASTER SPIKE!
GLAD YOU LIKED IT. TOO BAD IT WAS ONLY A PICTURE.
WHADDAWE GONNA DO ABOUT QUILL, SPIKE? BLOWIN' UP POSTERS IS FUN, BUT IF QUILL GETS ELECTED, WE'LL BE UP THE SWAMP WITHOUT A PADDLE!
HOW TRUE, CRAZY LOU. MISTER BULGING WALLET WOULD MAKE A DANDY PRESIDENT FOR THE RICH KIDS AND THE RICH KIDS ONLY.
WHAT WE NEED IS A CANDIDATE OF OUR OWN TO RUN AGAINST HIM, SOMEBODY WHO'S SURE TO REPRESENT THE NEEDS OF HONEST, AVERAGE JOES SUCH AS OURSELVES.

IDEA BULB, IDEA BULB! YOU, SPIKE-MEISTER! YOU CAPITOLIZE THE GIG!
NO NO NO--A TRUE VISIONARY DOES NOT OFFER UP HIS BOOTY TO THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS POLITICS.
RADICAL CHANGE IS ACCOMPLISHED BY SUBTLER MEANS.
AN' THAT MEANS... ehh...
..WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS, BLING BRAIN, THAT WE NEED A CANDIDATE WHO CAN MAKE QUILL LOOK BAD. WE NEED THE ULTIMATE CLEAN-CUT ALL-PANGAEAN BOY SNOUT.
AN' WHADDAYA KNOW --HE'S RIGHT ON CUE!
HIYA, SCOOTER! HOW'S THE GRADE POINT AVERAGE?
SPIKE?! GEEZ, DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT!
KID, LEMME ASK YOU A QUESTION--EVER THOUGHT OF RUNNIN' FOR PRESIDENT?
WHO--ME?? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS.
LOOK, IF QUILL GETS ELECTED, ANY KID WHOSE OLD MAN IS UNDER THE MILLION-DOLLAR-A-YEAR TAX BRACKET IS IN FOR A ROUGH RIDE, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT MY OLD MAN'S YEARLY INCOME IS ABOUT FIVE DIGITS AWAY FROM THAT ...ON THE LOW SIDE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, SPIKE, BUT QUILL'S GOT THE ELECTION RIGGED! HIS DAD'S ON THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS!
THIS IS A SOCIAL INJUSTICE, SINCLAIR. I THOUGHT YOU WERE INTO FIGHTIN' THAT KINDA THING.
WELL, I AM, BUT... I MEAN...
:TST TST TST:
BESIDES, CONSIDER THE FRINGE BENEFITS--YA GIVE A SPEECH HERE, SHAKE A HAND THERE, AN' BANG--
--THE BABES'LL BE ALL OVER YOU LIKE LEAVES IN A TAR PIT.
QUILL THE DINOSAUR FOR THE JOB!!!
GIRLS... ?? UMM...
...OKAY, I'LL DO IT!
QUILL FOR PRESIDEN

SO THAT NIGHT--

I'LL BE RUNNING FOR THE *THERACRAT ALL-NIGHT* PARTY! GREAT *NAME*, ISN'T IT? *SPIKE* THOUGHT IT UP!

HE'S BRINGING IN THIS GUY *OLIO SLICK* TO MANAGE MY *CAMPAIGN*. WE'RE GOING TO PLAN IT *ALL* OUT-- RALLIES, DEBATES, PHOTO OPS, *THE WORKS!*

I DUNNO, SON--*POLITICS* IS *DANGEROUS!* YOU COULD GET *EATEN ALIVE* BY THIS QUILL FELLA!

*WHEEEE!*

*PLISH!*

NOW, EARL, CANDIDATES DON'T *EAT* EACH OTHER AT THE *HIGH SCHOOL* LEVEL!

ONLY IN *CITY* ELECTIONS, AND THEN ONLY THE *LOSERS.*

*USUALLY.*

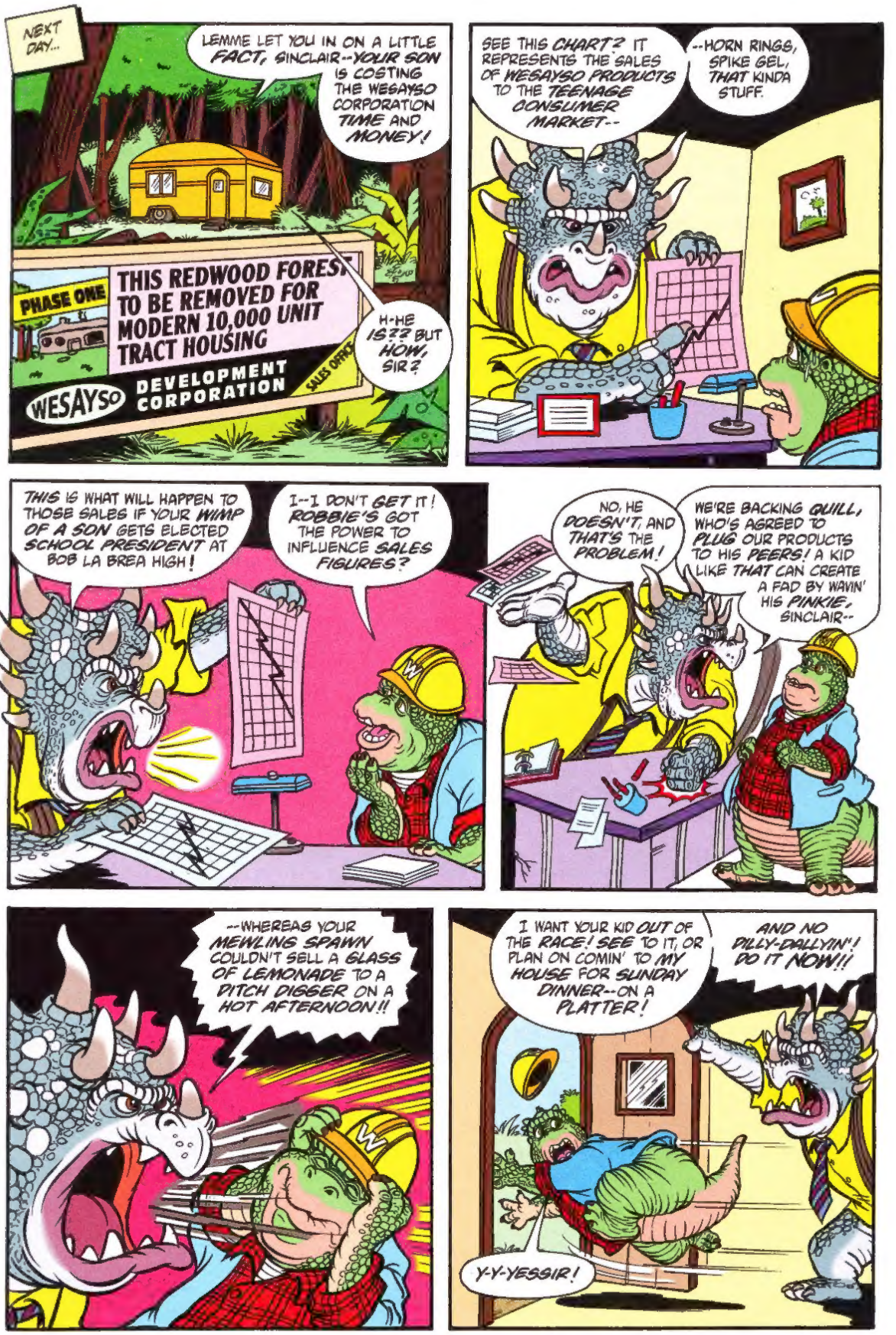
*FACE* IT, ROB--YOU *CAN'T WIN!* QUILL'S GOT *MONEY*, INFLUENCE, FRIENDS, *MONEY*, AND HE LOOKS LIKE *FIERCE BRONTON* ON THAT TV SHOW "*REPTILIAN STEELE.*"

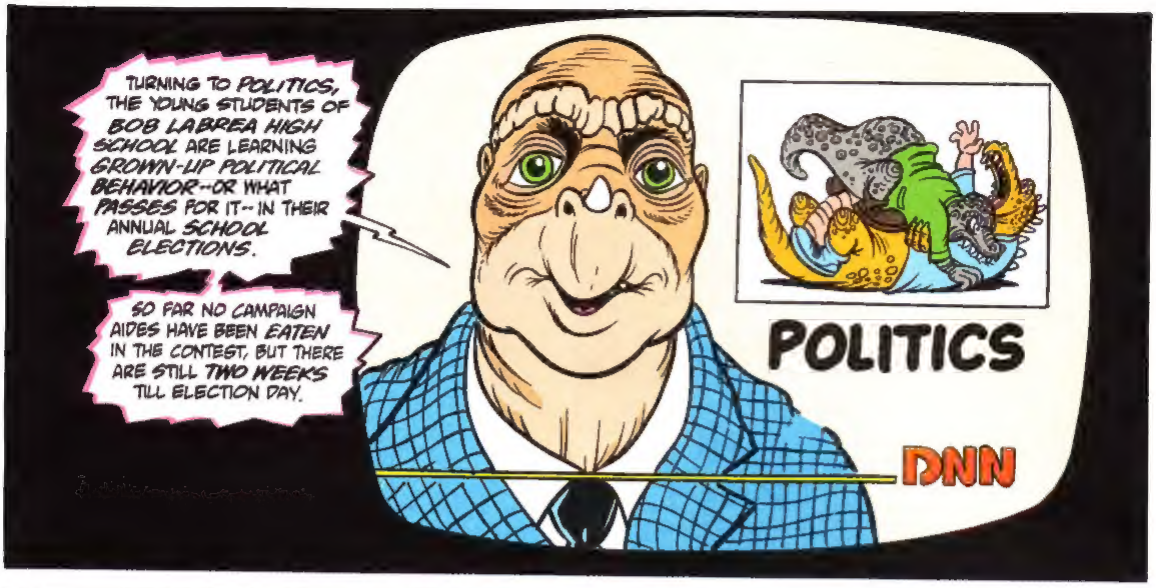
*YOU'VE* GOT *NO* MONEY, *NO* INFLUENCE, *WEIRD* FRIENDS, AND YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING *EVOLUTION* LEFT IN THE *MUD!*

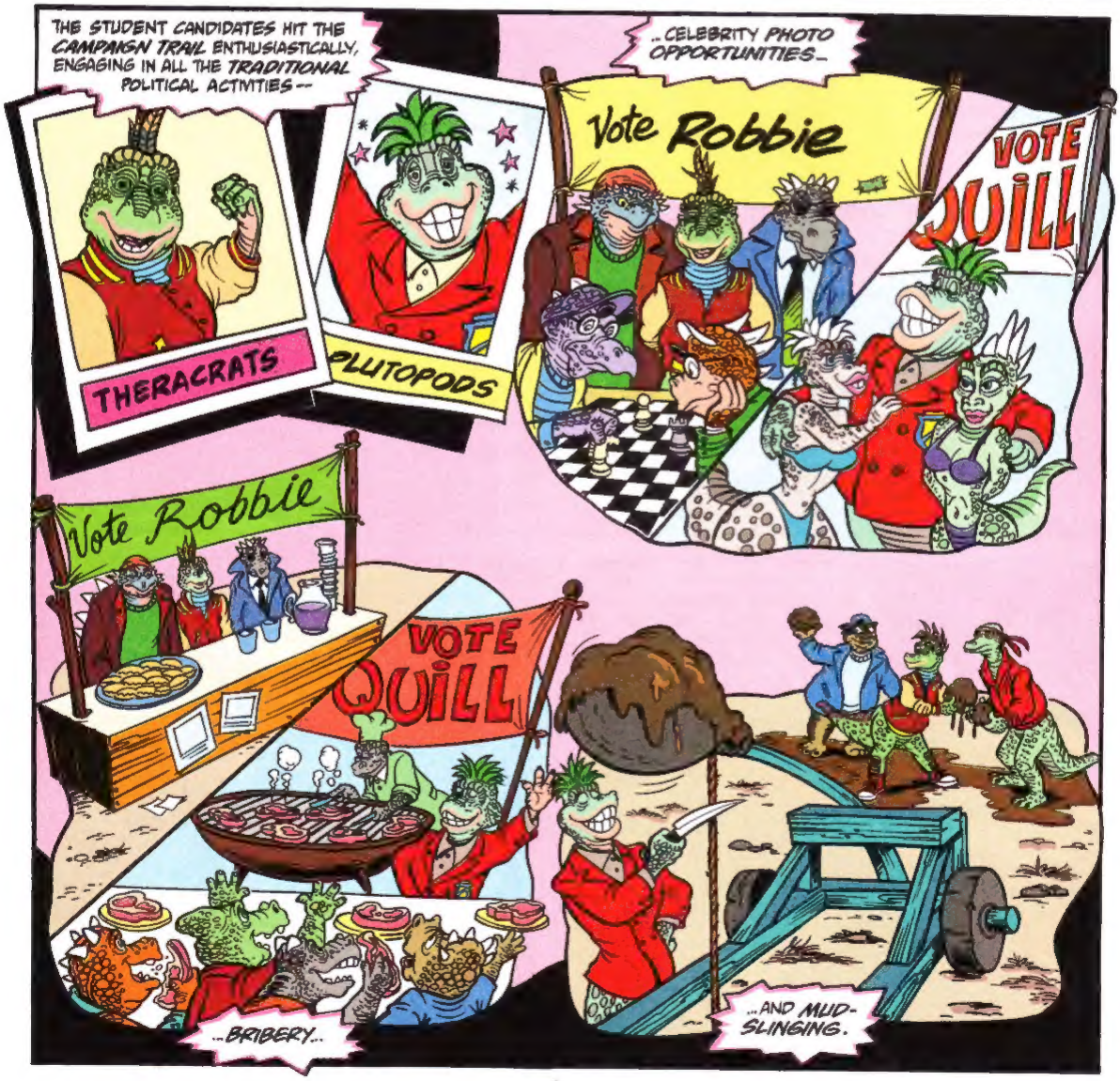
WELL, IT'S NICE TO KNOW I LIVE IN A *DEMOCRATIC* SOCIETY WHERE *MONEY* AND *GOOD LOOKS* HAVE MORE VALUE THAN *MORALS* AND *ETHICS!*

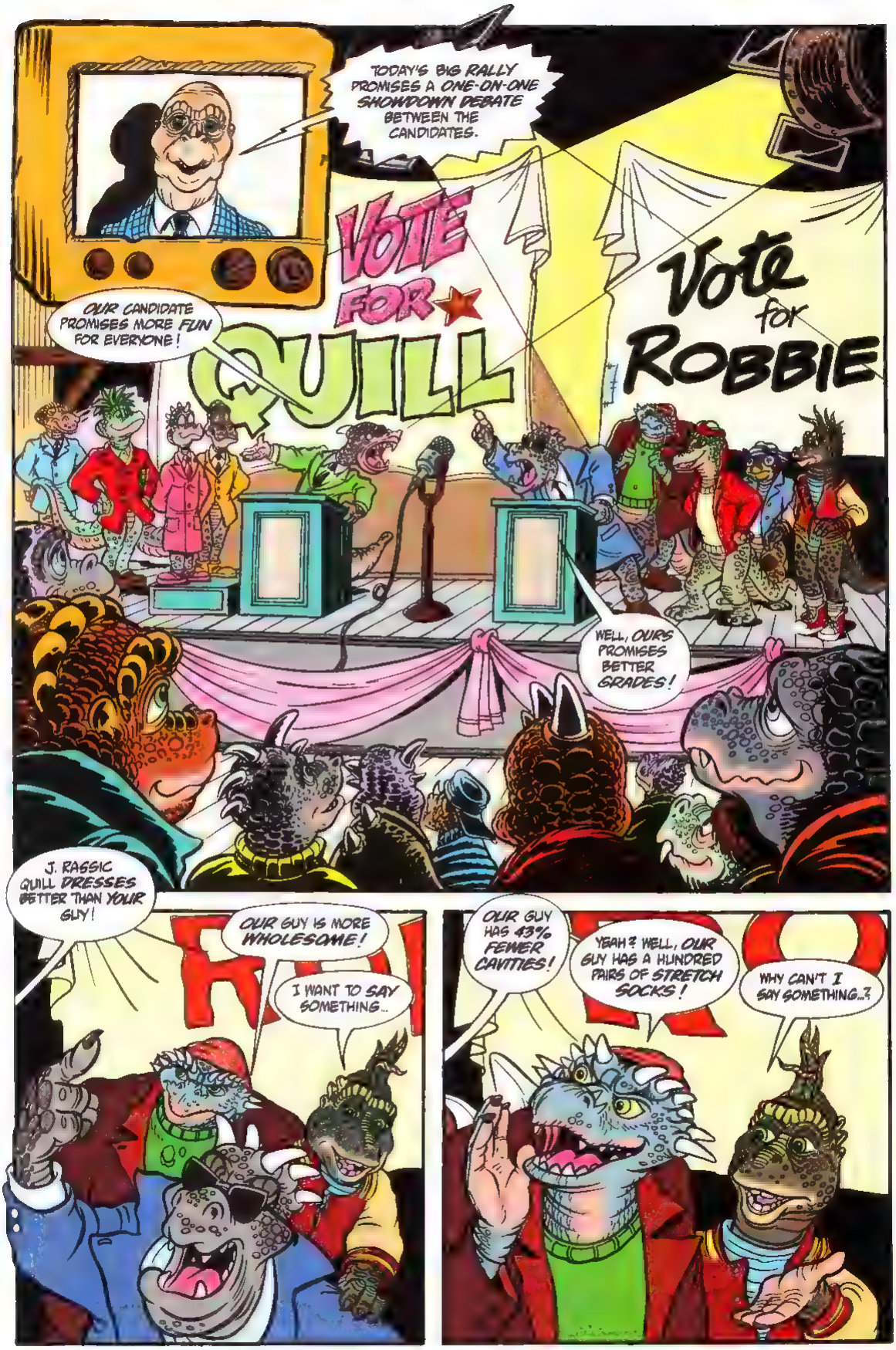
NOW, ROBBIE, DON'T GET *UPSET!* YOUR SISTER WAS *JUST* TELLING YOU THE *FACTS!*

LATER THAT EVENING...
AND FACTS, MISTER ROBERT SINCLAIR, ARE MY SPECIALTY!
A WELL-DESIGNED FACT BASE IS CRUCIAL TO A SUCCESSFUL POLITICAL CAMPAIGN!
AN' OLIO SLICK HERE MAKES UP THE BEST OF 'EM.
MAKES UP? YOU MEAN YOU'VE HIRED SOMEBODY TO MAKE UP FACTS ABOUT ME?!
WHAT, YOU THINK YOU'LL GET ELECTED BY TELLIN' THE TRUTH?
PUH-LEEZE, SINCLAIR, JOIN THE MODERN WORLD, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD.
IF YOU'RE SO GOOD AT THIS, WHY ARE WE MEETING IN A DESERTED PARKING GARAGE?
SECURITY! IF I WERE THEM, I'D BE SPYING ON ME!
IN FACT, WE'VE BEEN HERE TOO LONG! IT'S TIME TO MOVE TO ANOTHER GARAGE--WE'LL MAKE OUR CAMPAIGN PLANS THERE!
GOOD IDEA. YOU TWO GO AHEAD, I'LL GUARD THE REAR.
SPIKE, WHO IS THIS GUY? I DON'T TRUST HIM!
RELAX, KID. I'VE TAKEN CARE OF EVERYTHING. SLICK IS ON OUR SIDE, AND HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.
NOW C'MON.


NEXT DAY...
LEMME LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE FACT, SINCLAIR--YOUR SON IS COSTING THE WESAYSO CORPORATION TIME AND MONEY!
PHASE ONE
THIS REDWOOD FOREST TO BE REMOVED FOR MODERN 10,000 UNIT TRACT HOUSING
WESAYSO DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
SALES OFFICE
H-HE IS?? BUT HOW, SIR?
SEE THIS CHART? IT REPRESENTS THE SALES OF WESAYSO PRODUCTS TO THE TEENAGE CONSUMER MARKET--
--HORN RINGS, SPIKE GEL, THAT KINDA STUFF.
THIS IS WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THOSE SALES IF YOUR WIMP OF A SON GETS ELECTED SCHOOL PRESIDENT AT BOB LA BREA HIGH!
I--I DON'T GET IT! ROBBIE'S GOT THE POWER TO INFLUENCE SALES FIGURES?
NO, HE DOESN'T, AND THAT'S THE PROBLEM!
WE'RE BACKING QUILL, WHO'S AGREED TO PLUG OUR PRODUCTS TO HIS PEERS! A KID LIKE THAT CAN CREATE A FAD BY WAVIN' HIS PINKIE, SINCLAIR--
--WHEREAS YOUR MEWLING SPAWN COULDN'T SELL A GLASS OF LEMONADE TO A DITCH DIGGER ON A HOT AFTERNOON!!
I WANT YOUR KID OUT OF THE RACE! SEE TO IT, OR PLAN ON COMIN' TO MY HOUSE FOR SUNDAY DINNER--ON A PLATTER!
AND NO DILLY-DALLYIN'! DO IT NOW!!
Y-Y-YESSIR!


TURNING TO POLITICS, THE YOUNG STUDENTS OF BOB LABREA HIGH SCHOOL ARE LEARNING GROWN-UP POLITICAL BEHAVIOR--OR WHAT PASSES FOR IT--IN THEIR ANNUAL SCHOOL ELECTIONS.
SO FAR NO CAMPAIGN AIDES HAVE BEEN EATEN IN THE CONTEST, BUT THERE ARE STILL TWO WEEKS TILL ELECTION DAY.
POLITICS
DNN


THE STUDENT CANDIDATES HIT THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL ENTHUSIASTICALLY, ENGAGING IN ALL THE TRADITIONAL POLITICAL ACTIVITIES--
THERACRATS
PLUTOPODS
..CELEBRITY PHOTO OPPORTUNITIES..
Vote Robbie
VOTE QUILL
Vote Robbie
VOTE QUILL
..BRIBERY..
..AND MUD-SLINGING.


TODAY'S BIG RALLY PROMISES A ONE-ON-ONE SHOWDOWN DEBATE BETWEEN THE CANDIDATES.
VOTE FOR QUILL
Vote for ROBBIE
OUR CANDIDATE PROMISES MORE FUN FOR EVERYONE!
WELL, OURS PROMISES BETTER GRADES!
J. RASSIC QUILL DRESSES BETTER THAN YOUR GUY!
OUR GUY IS MORE WHOLESOME!
I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING...
OUR GUY HAS 43% FEWER CAVITIES!
YEAH? WELL, OUR GUY HAS A HUNDRED PAIRS OF STRETCH SOCKS!
WHY CAN'T I SAY SOMETHING...?

DON'T SWEAT IT, SCOOTER. LEAVE THIS TO PROFESSIONALS.
BUT I'M THE CANDIDATE!
AND A FINE ONE, TOO. SO PIPE DOWN AN' LET US TAKE CARE OF THINGS.

PROBLEMS, TROOPS?
YEAH, YOU COULD SAY THAT! HOW COME IF I'M THE ONE WHO'S RUNNING, I NEVER GET TO TELL THE KIDS WHAT I'LL DO IF ELECTED?

OKAY, LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING--IF YOU TAKE A STAND OR MAKE A POLICY STATEMENT, YOU GIVE YOUR OPPONENT SOMETHING TO HOLD YOU TO.
WHEREAS, IF I MAKE A PROMISE FOR YOU, YOU CAN DENY ANY KNOWLEDGE OF IT. SEE?
FEATHERS

PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY IS THE BASIS OF ALL GOOD GOVERNMENT! WITHOUT IT, WHO KNOWS WHERE THE QUESTIONS WOULD STOP?
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT A SMEAR CAMPAIGN TO PLAN!
TAR

AHHH.. ROBBIE?
DAD?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHY AREN'T YOU AT WORK?
I CAME TO SEE YOU! MISTER RICHFIELD HAS, AH, STRONG FEELINGS ABOUT THE DEMOCRATIC SYSTEM, AH, AND HE WANTED ME TO, AH, HELP IN MY BOY'S CAMPAIGN!

HELP? THAT'S A LAUGH! I HAVE SO MUCH HELP THAT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO! I THOUGHT THAT THIS WAS MY CAMPAIGN!

AFTER ALL, STANDING UP AND BEING COUNTED IS A CITIZEN'S DUTY! OF COURSE, STANDING UP ALSO MAKES YOU A PRETTY OBVIOUS TARGET...

BUT THEN SPIKE SAID WE NEEDED A POLITICAL CONSULTANT, SO HE BRINGS IN THIS OLIO SLICK GUY WHO, LIKE, JUST TAKES OVER!

...AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO TARGETS--ALL THOSE HOLES--YECHH! ALMOST LIKE TOOTH HOLES!

NOW HE'S WRITING MEMOS FOR ME, GIVING INTERVIEWS FOR ME--LOOK, HE'S EVEN CONDUCTING MY DEBATE FOR ME!

AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE YOUR DEAR OLD DAD RIDDLED WITH TOOTH-HOLES, WOULD YOU?

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF I MADE THE RIGHT DECISION IN AGREEING TO RUN FOR CLASS PREGIDENT.

GOOD! THEN YOU WON'T MIND THROWING THE ELECTION!

HUH?
FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU'RE GOING TO LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER!
TOMORROW YOU'RE GOING TO TELL EVERYBODY YOU'RE QUITTING THE RACE!
IS THIS THE END OF ROBBIE'S CAMPAIGN?!
IS THERE A POSSIBILITY THAT ROBBIE'S DAD WILL BECOME "EARL-THE-ENTREE"?!
IS THIS JUST A TRANSPARENT PLOY TO GET YOU TO READ THE SECOND PART OF THIS STORY?!
TO FIND OUT, JOIN US FOR CITIZEN ROBBIE --PART 2

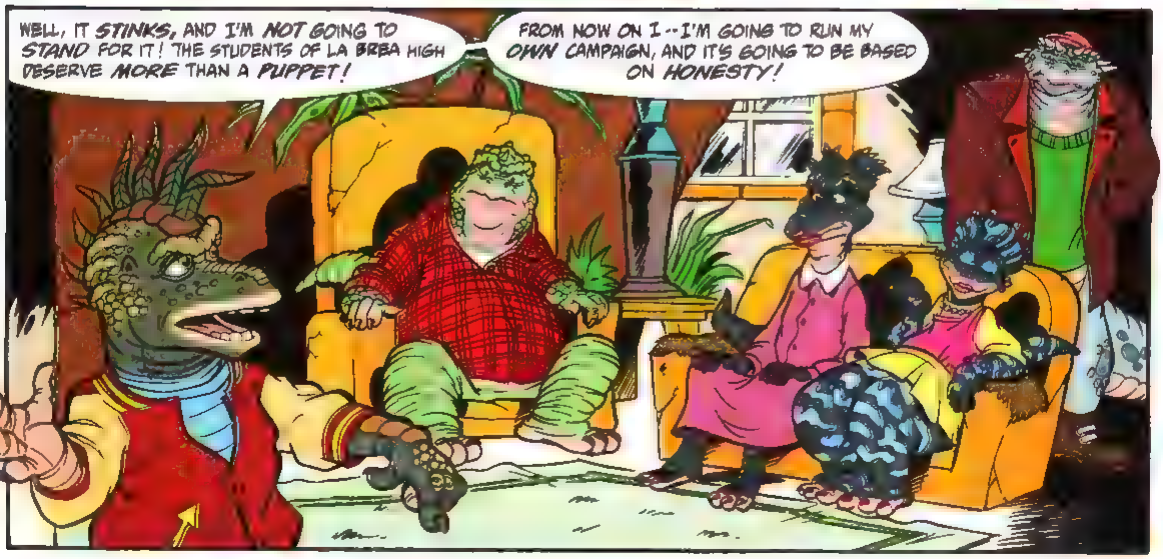
"CITIZEN ROBBIE" PART TWO
YOU MEAN I'VE GOT TO THROW THE ELECTION OR MISTER RICHFIELD'S GONNA EAT MY FATHER?!
GEEZ, THIS IS SO RIDICULOUS!
RIDICULOUS TO YOU, MAYBE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE SIZE OF HIS MOUTH! IT'S LIKE A CAVE IN THERE! TO SAY NOTHING OF HIS BREATH...
ROBBIE, ALL WE'RE SAYING IS THAT MAYBE YOU SHOULD THINK OF YOUR FAMILY BEFORE YOU THINK OF YOUR PEERS!
YEAH! IF DAD GETS EATEN, WHO'S GONNA BRING HOME A PAYCHECK? I'M CERTAINLY NOT GETTING A JOB!
BUT WHAT ABOUT WHAT'S RIGHT? IT'S NOT FAIR THAT SOME BIG CONGLOMERATE CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO JUST BECAUSE THEY WANT THEIR PROFITS!
THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM, SPARKY. HOLD ONTO YOUR IDEALS.

WHAT ARE YOUR IDEALS, SPIKE? I THINK YOU BROUGHT ROBBIE INTO THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WANT TO RUN FOR OFFICE YOURSELF!
ON THE CONTRARY, MISSUS S--

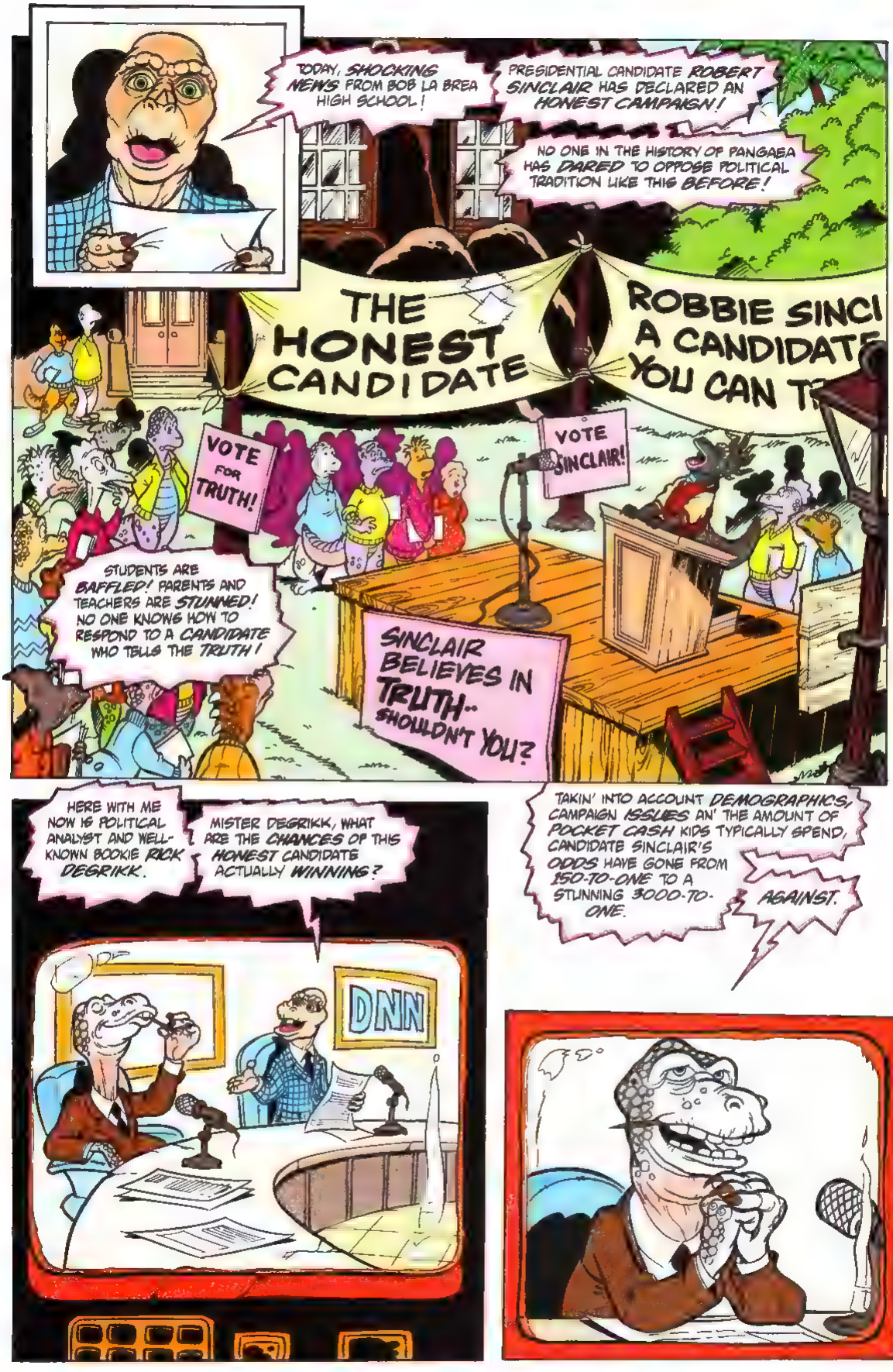
--I WOULD GLADLY HAVE PUT MY NAME ON THE BALLOT HOWEVER, MY PUBLIC IMAGE IS, SHALL WE SAY, FRAYED AROUND THE EDGES. ROBERT'S, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS--
EXPLOITABLE?
EXACTLY.

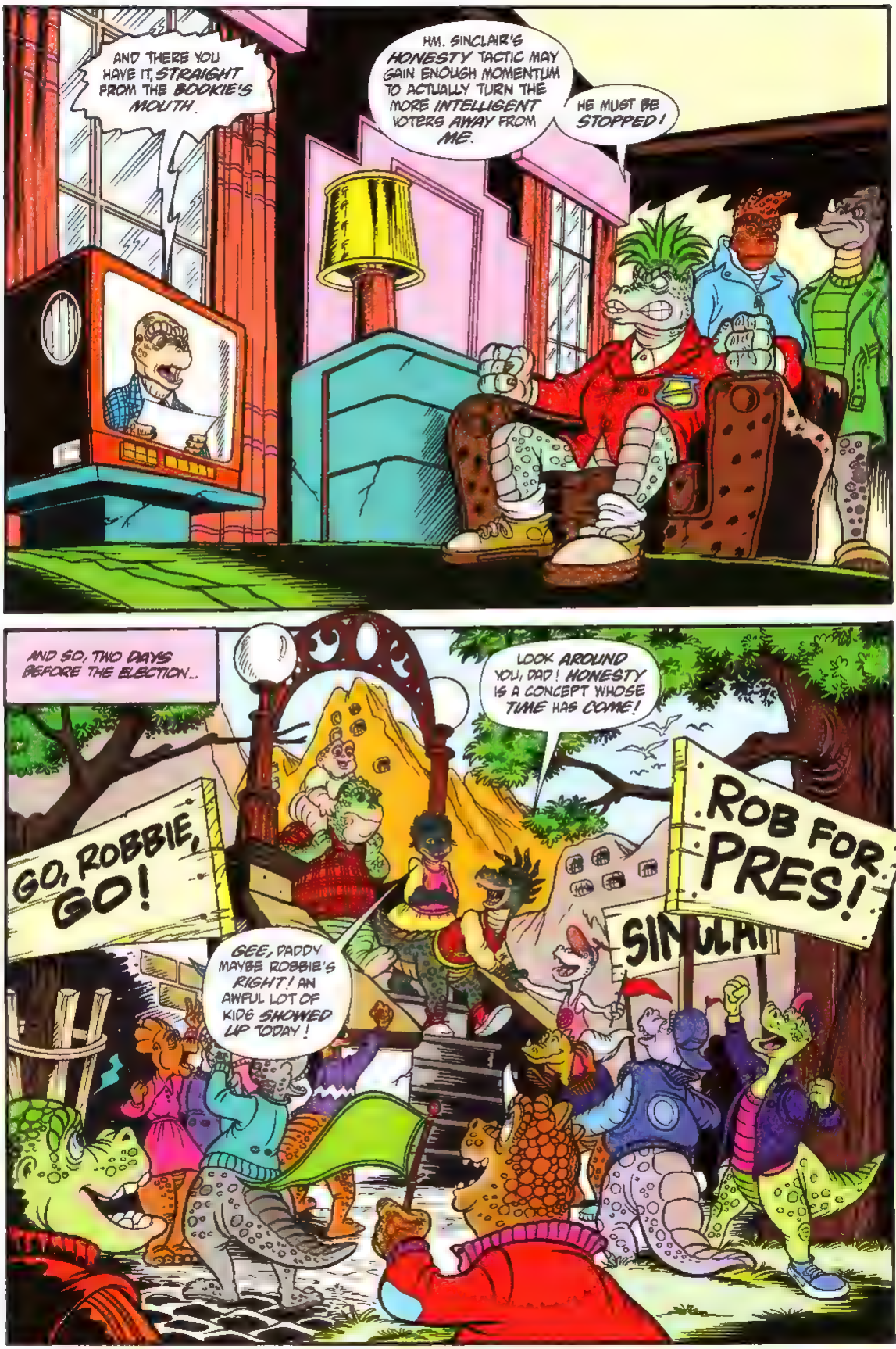
SO YOU USED ME?!
USE IS AN UGLY WORD, SCOOTER I PREFER THE TERM EMPLOY. HEY, IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF OUR PEERS, RIGHT?

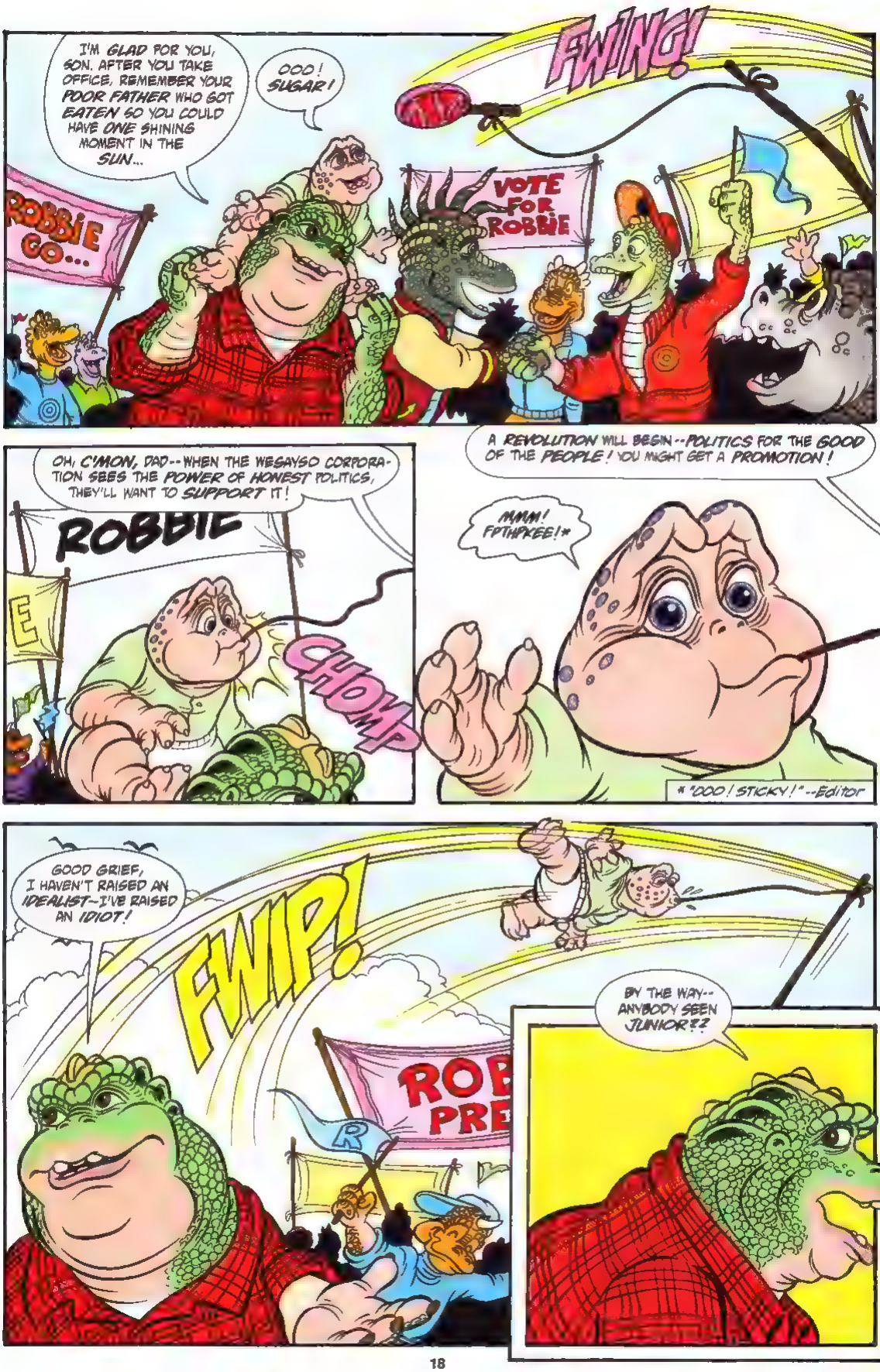
GREAT! I'M GETTING USED BY EVERYBODY!


WELL, IT STINKS, AND I'M NOT GOING TO STAND FOR IT! THE STUDENTS OF LA BREA HIGH DESERVE MORE THAN A PUPPET!
FROM NOW ON I--I'M GOING TO RUN MY OWN CAMPAIGN, AND IT'S GOING TO BE BASED ON HONESTY!

WHAT?!
HONEST POLITICS?!
HE'S NUTS!
THAT'S IT. I'M OUTTA HERE.
WAIT, SPIKE! WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU ARE, JUNIOR WHITE HAT.
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, POLITICS AND HONESTY ARE A LOT LIKE OIL AN' VINEGAR. I DON'T WANT YOUR MASSACRE ON MY CONSCIENCE.
BUT I'M GONNA NEED YOU MORE THAN EVER ON THE CAMPAIGN!
WHAT YOU'RE GONNA NEED, KID, IS A GOOD SURGEON TO STITCH YOUR LIMBS AND YOUR IDEALS BACK TOGETHER AFTER QUILL TROMPS YOU INTO THE PAVEMENT.
I'LL TRY TO MAKE THE FUNERAL, BUT I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING.
FINE! LEAVE! I DON'T NEED YOU! I CAN DO THIS MYSELF!
AND WHEN I WIN, I'LL TRY TO ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY, BUT I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING!!


TODAY, SHOCKING NEWS FROM BOB LA BREA HIGH SCHOOL!
PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE ROBERT SINCLAIR HAS DECLARED AN HONEST CAMPAIGN!
NO ONE IN THE HISTORY OF PANGAEA HAS DARED TO OPPOSE POLITICAL TRADITION LIKE THIS BEFORE!
THE HONEST CANDIDATE
ROBBIE SINCL
A CANDIDATE
YOU CAN T
VOTE FOR TRUTH!
VOTE SINCLAIR!
STUDENTS ARE BAFFLED! PARENTS AND TEACHERS ARE STUNNED! NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO RESPOND TO A CANDIDATE WHO TELLS THE TRUTH!
SINCLAIR BELIEVES IN TRUTH.. SHOULDN'T YOU?
HERE WITH ME NOW IS POLITICAL ANALYST AND WELL-KNOWN BOOKIE RICK DEGRIKK.
MISTER DEGRIKK, WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF THIS HONEST CANDIDATE ACTUALLY WINNING?
DNN
TAKIN' INTO ACCOUNT DEMOGRAPHICS, CAMPAIGN ISSUES AN' THE AMOUNT OF POCKET CASH KIDS TYPICALLY SPEND, CANDIDATE SINCLAIR'S ODDS HAVE GONE FROM 150-TO-ONE TO A STUNNING 3000-TO-ONE AGAINST.


AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, STRAIGHT FROM THE BOOKIE'S MOUTH.
HM. SINCLAIR'S HONESTY TACTIC MAY GAIN ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO ACTUALLY TURN THE MORE INTELLIGENT VOTERS AWAY FROM ME.
HE MUST BE STOPPED!
AND SO, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE ELECTION...
LOOK AROUND YOU, DAD! HONESTY IS A CONCEPT WHOSE TIME HAS COME!
GO, ROBBIE, GO!
ROB FOR PRES!
GEE, DADDY MAYBE ROBBIE'S RIGHT! AN AWFUL LOT OF KIDS SHOWED UP TODAY!


I'M GLAD FOR YOU, SON. AFTER YOU TAKE OFFICE, REMEMBER YOUR POOR FATHER WHO GOT EATEN SO YOU COULD HAVE ONE SHINING MOMENT IN THE SUN...
OOO! SUGAR!
FWING!
ROBBIE GO...
VOTE FOR ROBBIE
OH, C'MON, DAD--WHEN THE WESAYSO CORPORATION SEES THE POWER OF HONEST POLITICS, THEY'LL WANT TO SUPPORT IT!
ROBBIE
CHOMP
A REVOLUTION WILL BEGIN--POLITICS FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE! YOU MIGHT GET A PROMOTION!
MMM! FPTHPKEE!*
* "OOO! STICKY!" --Editor
GOOD GRIEF, I HAVEN'T RAISED AN IDEALIST--I'VE RAISED AN IDIOT!
FWIP!
BY THE WAY-- ANYBODY SEEN JUNIOR??

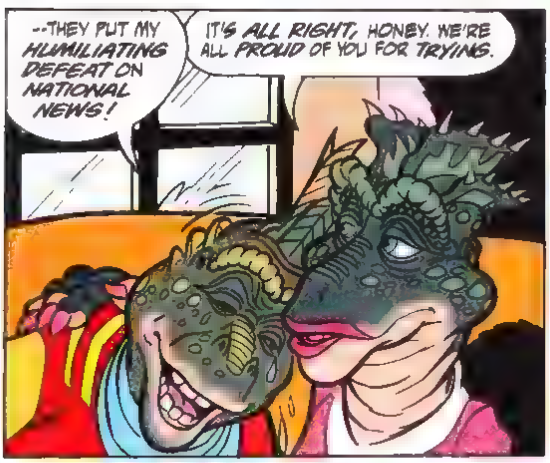
AND SO.
YOU'RE HOME! HOW WAS THE RALLY? ROBBIE, DID YOUR SPEECH GO WELL? I WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT!
WAIT A MINUTE-- WHERE'S THE BABY?
BABY...?
YES, EARL. THE BABY.
YOU MEAN OUR BABY? LITTLE GUY --BIG DIAPER?
AHH.. Y'SEE ..UMM...
.. I LOST HIM..
YOU LOST OUR BABY?!!
WELL, HE'S SMALL, THERE WERE A LOT OF PEOPLE--
KONK
ROB-- MESSAGE FOR YOU!
"WE'VE GOT THE KID! QUIT THE RACE OR HE'S LIZARD CHOW!"

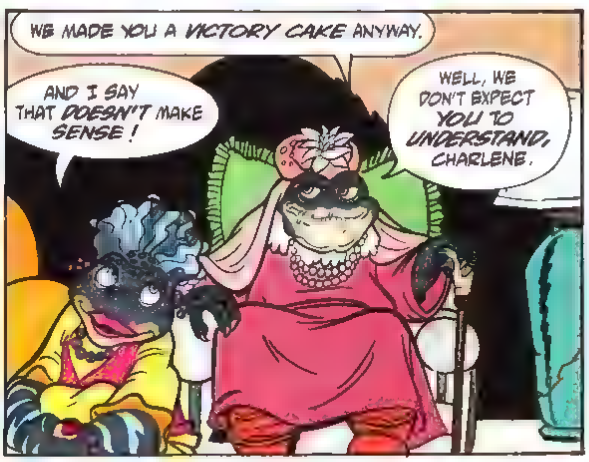
MEANWHILE..
YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF LOYALTY IS WELCOMED, MISTER SLICK. I HOPE YOU'LL BE WORTH YOUR PRICE.
I'M A TRADITIONALIST, JD! I THINK SINCLAIR'S "HONESTY" TACTIC IS A THREAT TO OUR VERY WAY OF LIFE!
BESIDES, THE LITTLE NEWT DIDN'T EVEN OFFER ME A COUNTER-BRIBE!
I'D LOVE TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT YOU'VE SNATCHED HIS BELOVED BABY BROTHER, HEH HEH!
THE OLD WAYS ARE THE BEST WAYS, MY FRIEND. LET'S GO VISIT THE TYKE AND GLOAT AWHILE, SHALL WE?
AFTER YOU
RUN! THE KID'S AN ANIMAL!
WHAT??
AGH! GET 'IM OFF, GET 'IM OFF!!

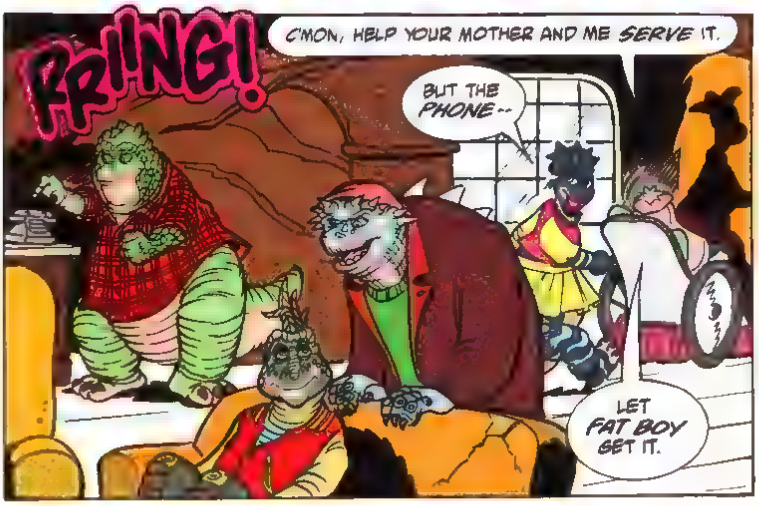
WHEEEEEEEEEE!!
NO! NOT AGAIN!
WAIT! STOP!
INCOMING!
AAAAAUGH!
GRRRR!!
LET GO OF HIM, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE MONSTER!
RRRRRIP!
G-GOOD BABY! N-NICE FELLA! WE CAN BE FRIENDS...RIGHT?
NYAH-HA-HA!!
CHOMP!
YEEOOOWCH!

AND THE NEXT MORNING...
OH, MY POOR LITTLE BABY! HE MUST BE TERRIFIED!
NOW, FRANNIE, I'M SURE HE'S FINE! I MEAN, I GUESS HE'S FINE, WHO KNOWS...?
DON'T WORRY, MOM--I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!
KNOCK KNOCK
MFF FMMF!!
WE GIVE UP!
OH, SWEETHEART!
HEY, QUILL'S NOT GIVING UP THE ELECTION--JUST THE BABY!
THE RACE IS STILL ON! I CAN STILL BEAT HIM TOMORROW!
AND WHEN I DO, I'LL START A REVOLUTION THAT WILL CLEAN UP OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM FOREVER!

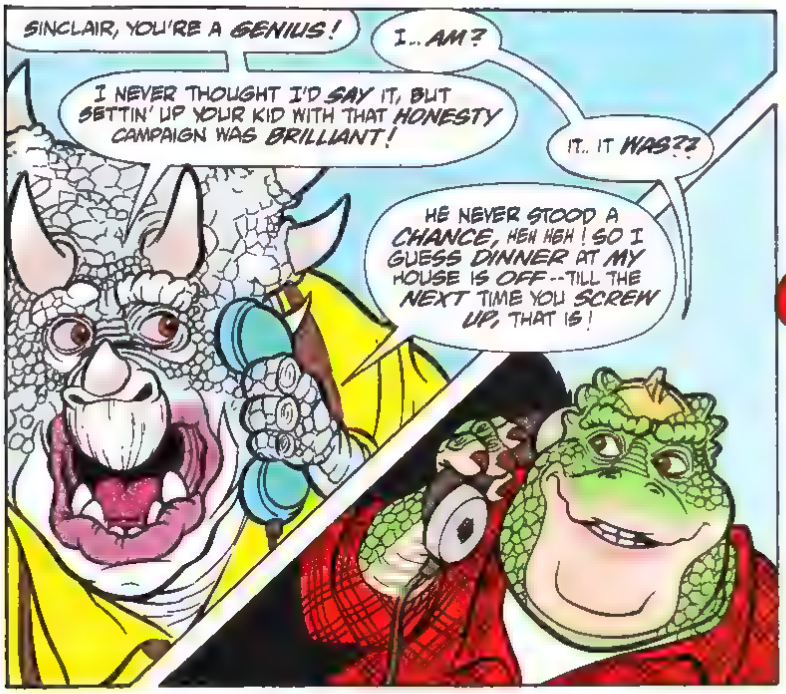
NEXT EVENING...
...AND EXIT POLL QUOTES REVEAL THAT VOTERS MADE THEIR DECISION BASED ON QUILL'S "HOT CLOTHES, GOOD LOOKS, BIG BUCKS AND BODACIOUS BABES."
AW, GEEZ, IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH LOSING AT SCHOOL--


--THEY PUT MY HUMILIATING DEFEAT ON NATIONAL NEWS!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY. WE'RE ALL PROUD OF YOU FOR TRYING.


WE MADE YOU A VICTORY CAKE ANYWAY.
AND I SAY THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
WELL, WE DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND, CHARLENE.


BRING!
C'MON, HELP YOUR MOTHER AND ME SERVE IT.
BUT THE PHONE--
LET FAT BOY GET IT.

SINCLAIR!!
M-M-MISTER RICHFIELD, SIR!

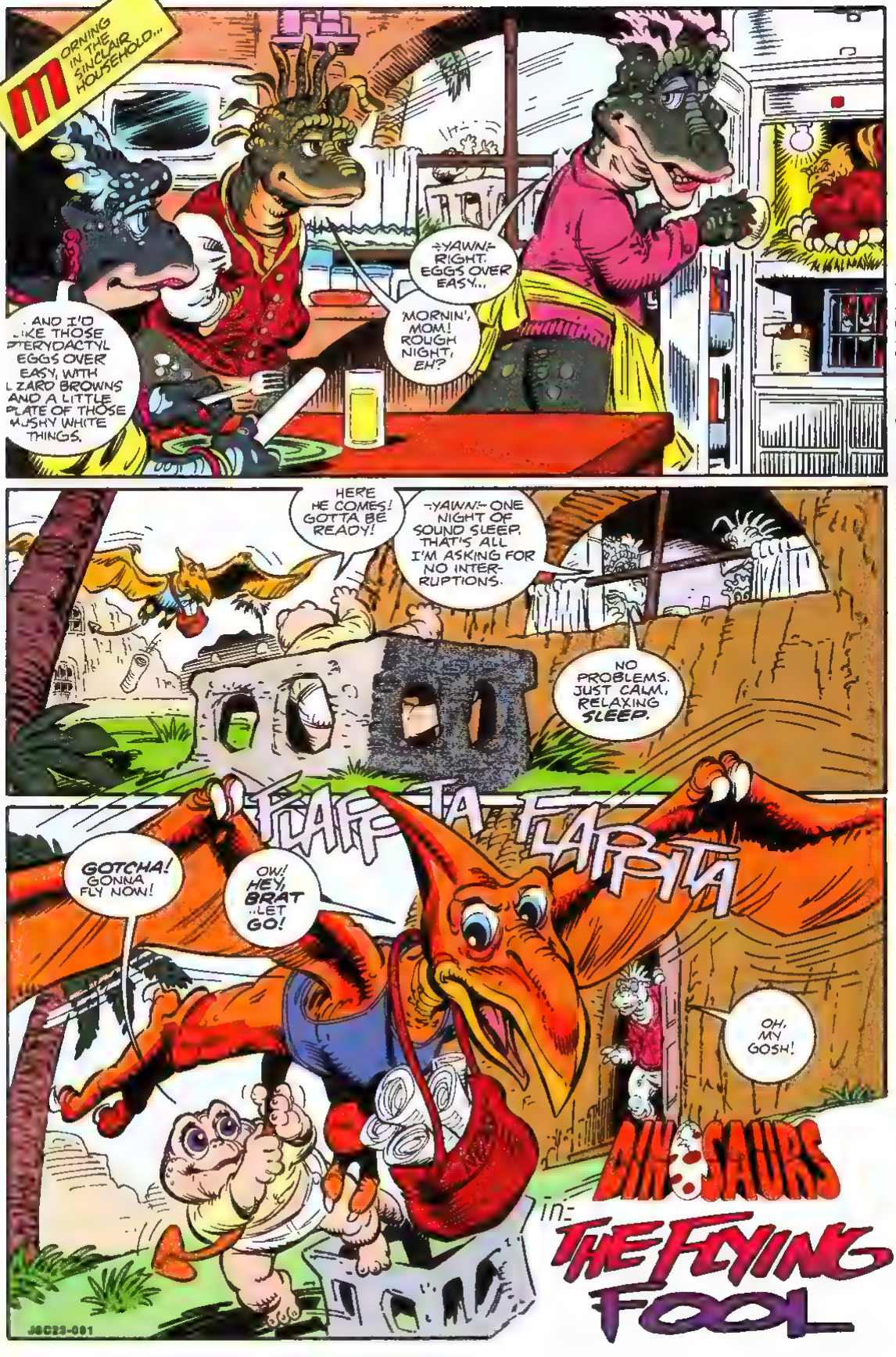

SINCLAIR, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
I... AM?
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY IT, BUT SETTIN' UP YOUR KID WITH THAT HONESTY CAMPAIGN WAS BRILLIANT!
IT.. IT WAS?!
HE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE, HEH HEH! SO I GUESS DINNER AT MY HOUSE IS OFF--TILL THE NEXT TIME YOU SCREW UP, THAT IS!

I'M SO RELIEVED WHEN MORAL DILEMMAS ARE RESOLVED WITHOUT MY HAVING TO MAKE ANY DECISIONS!
CLICK!

I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, SPIKE. HONESTY AND POLITICS DON'T MIX.
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, SCOOTER. TRUE, YOU GOT YOUR FACE TROMPED, BUT LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE--
--YOU LIVED

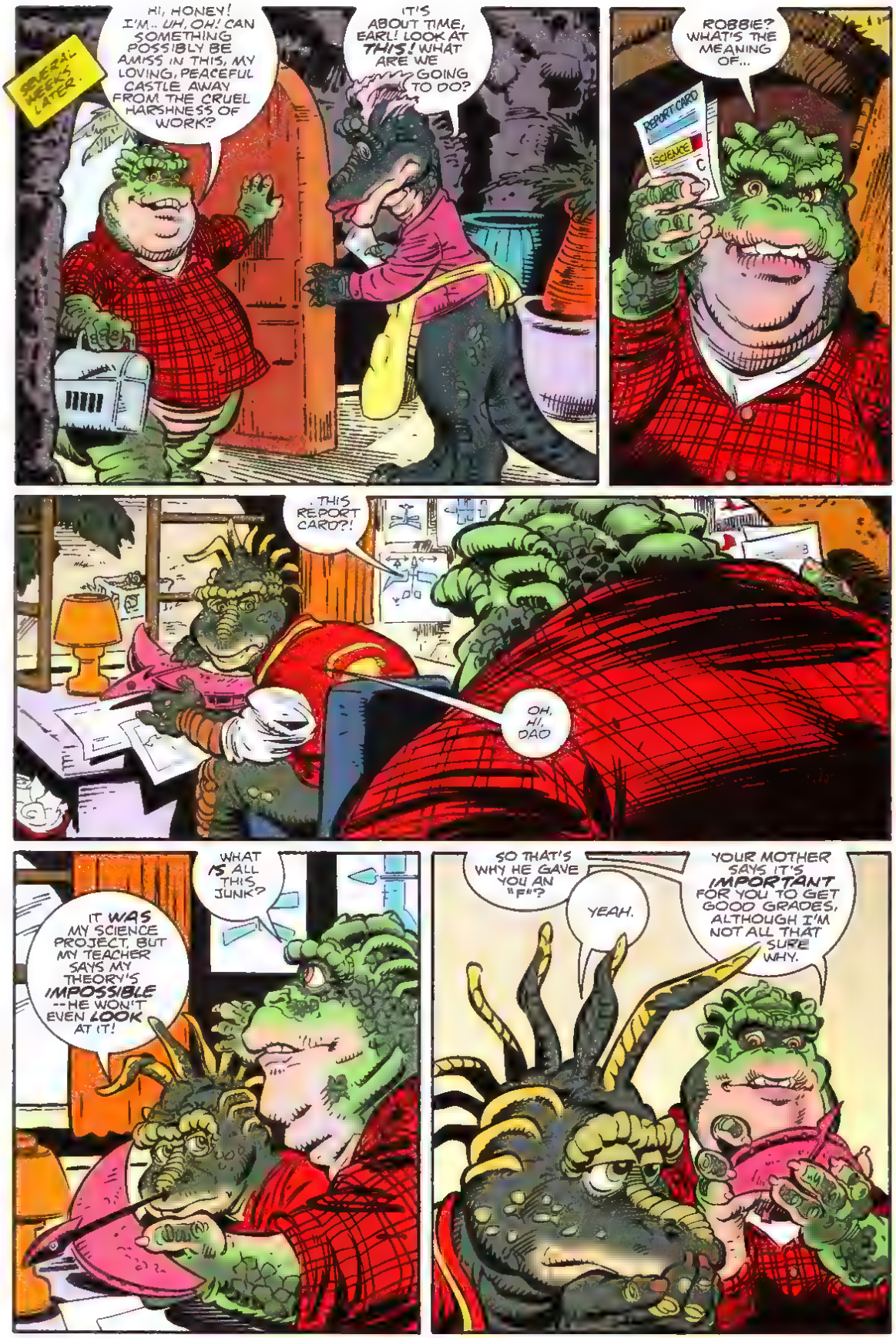
AH, SO YOU DIDN'T WIN, BIG DEAL! YOU TRIED! HECK, YOU'LL PROBABLY GO DOWN IN HISTORY!
NOW THAT'S SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF, SON!

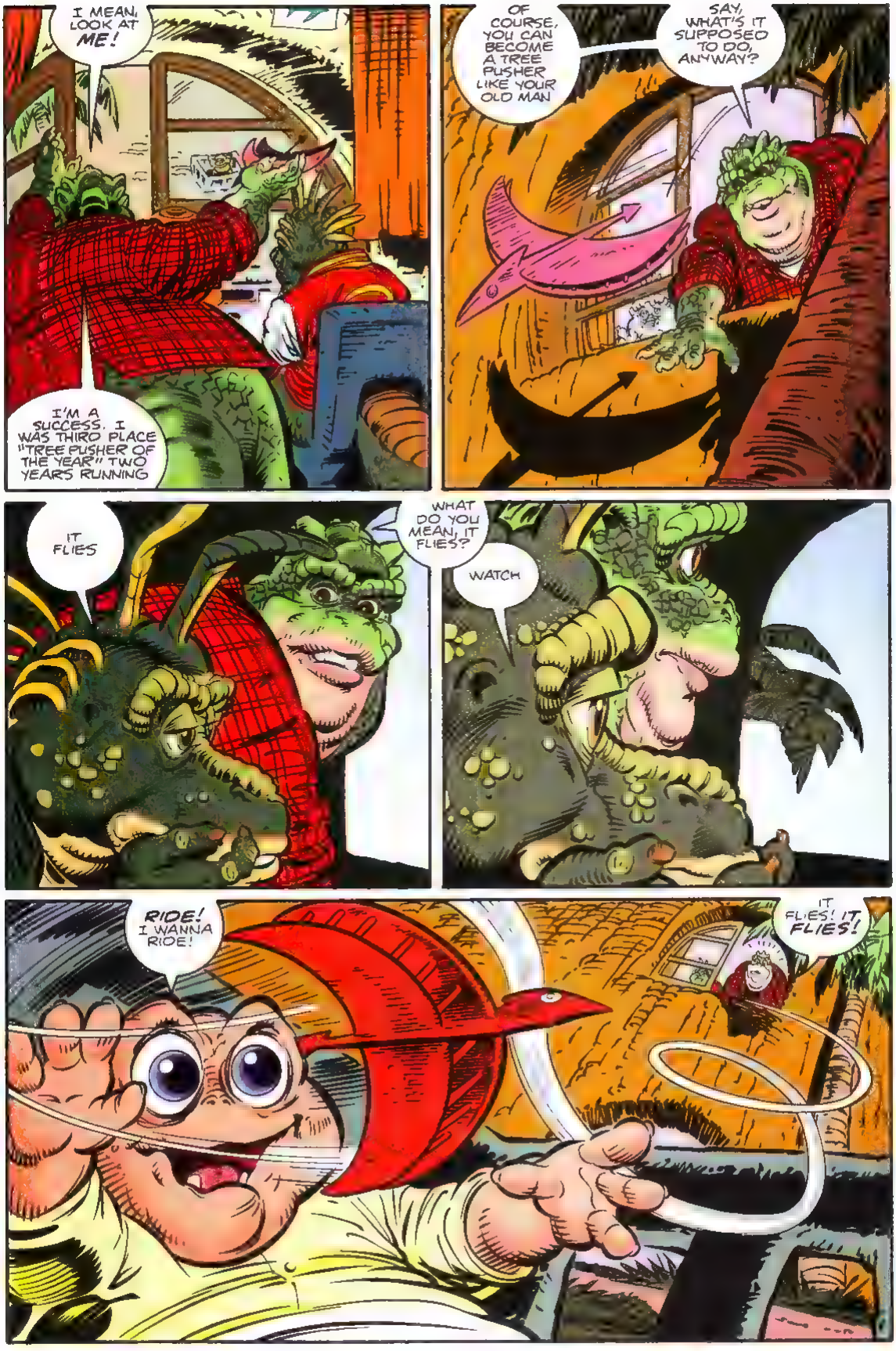
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT! AND SO WHAT IF IT TAKES A MILLION YEARS? I KNOW THAT SOMEDAY...
...SOMEWHERE...
...THERE WILL BE HONEST POLITICIANS!


MORNING IN THE SINCLAIR HOUSEHOLD...
...AND I'D LIKE THOSE PTERYDACTYL EGGS OVER EASY, WITH LIZARD BROWNS AND A LITTLE PLATE OF THOSE MUSHY WHITE THINGS.
-YAWN- RIGHT. EGGS OVER EASY...
'MORNIN', MOM! ROUGH NIGHT, EH?
HERE HE COMES! GOTTA BE READY!
-YAWN- ONE NIGHT OF SOUND SLEEP. THAT'S ALL I'M ASKING FOR NO INTERRUPTIONS.
NO PROBLEMS. JUST CALM, RELAXING SLEEP.
FLAP-TA FLAP-TA
GOTCHA! GONNA FLY NOW!
OW! HEY, BRAT ..LET GO!
OH, MY GOSH!
DINOSAURS in: THE FLYING FOOL
J6C23-001

Script: Doug Murray Pencils: Joe Staton Inks: Bhan Garvey Lettering: John Workman Coloring: Cris Palomino

FASTER! C'MON! GO FASTER!
LEGGO! YOU'RE GONNA BLOW MY WHOLE SCHEDULE!
OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE!
GEE, I'M LATE FOR A DATE, BUT MOM WOULD BE PEEVED IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING
HI! GOTTA TICKET, TOO?
AGAIN!
I GUESS YOU CAN GO NOW--I'LL MAKE SURE MY BROTHER DOESN'T...
WHAT'RE YOU, NUTS? FLYIN' JUST AIN'T THAT EASY.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, YOU TRY IT! C'MON, I NEED HELP!
KRAK-TIKE!
AND SO, A LONG CLIMB LATER...
Y'SEE, I AIN'T ALL THAT AERO-DYNAMIC I GOTTA GET A LITTLE HEAD START...
SO YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ME-- IS THIS HIGH ENOUGH?
IT'LL HAFTA DO! NOW-- STAND BACK!
AERODYNAMICS?
WIND OFF HIS WINGS?
HMMM.. I WONDER..


SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.
HI, HONEY! I'M.. UH, OH! CAN SOMETHING POSSIBLY BE AMISS IN THIS, MY LOVING, PEACEFUL CASTLE AWAY FROM THE CRUEL HARSHNESS OF WORK?
IT'S ABOUT TIME, EARL! LOOK AT THIS! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
ROBBIE? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF...
REPORT CARD
SCIENCE
C
. THIS REPORT CARD?!
OH. HI, DAD
WHAT IS ALL THIS JUNK?
IT WAS MY SCIENCE PROJECT, BUT MY TEACHER SAYS MY THEORY'S IMPOSSIBLE --HE WON'T EVEN LOOK AT IT!
SO THAT'S WHY HE GAVE YOU AN "F"?
YEAH.
YOUR MOTHER SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO GET GOOD GRADES, ALTHOUGH I'M NOT ALL THAT SURE WHY.


I MEAN, LOOK AT ME!
I'M A SUCCESS. I WAS THIRD PLACE "TREE PUSHER OF THE YEAR" TWO YEARS RUNNING
OF COURSE, YOU CAN BECOME A TREE PUSHER LIKE YOUR OLD MAN
SAY, WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO DO, ANYWAY?
IT FLIES
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT FLIES?
WATCH
RIDE! I WANNA RIDE!
IT FLIES! IT FLIES!

THE NEXT MORNING..
OF COURSE, ROBBIE COULDN'T SEE THE POSSIBILITIES, BUT I DID.
WHAT CRACKPOT POSSIBILITIES DO YOU HAVE IN MIND, SINCLAIR? IT CAN'T PICK ANYTHING UP, CAN IT? IT WON'T DO ANY WORK!
NO, BUT IT CAN ...QUICK, ROBBIE, WHAT CAN IT DO?
WELL, THIS ONE IS JUST A MODEL. IF WE BUILT A FULL-SIZED ONE...
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? YOU CAN MAKE A BIG ONE? HOW BIG? HOW MUCH COULD IT CARRY?

AND SO...

SR I DON'T KNOW IF THIS S SUCH A GOOD IDEA MAYBE **ROBBIE** SHOULD PLOT

THAT'S ALL BEEN **DECIDED**, SINCLAIR A **COMPANY** MAN'S GOT TO FLY THIS THING--AND YOU **ARE** A **COMPANY** MAN **AREN'T** YOU?

-GULP!- YES, MY CAPTAIN, BUT...

WESAYSO

NO **BUTS**, SINCLAIR TAKE THESE LEAFLETS AND GET THIS **SHOW** ON THE **ROAD!**

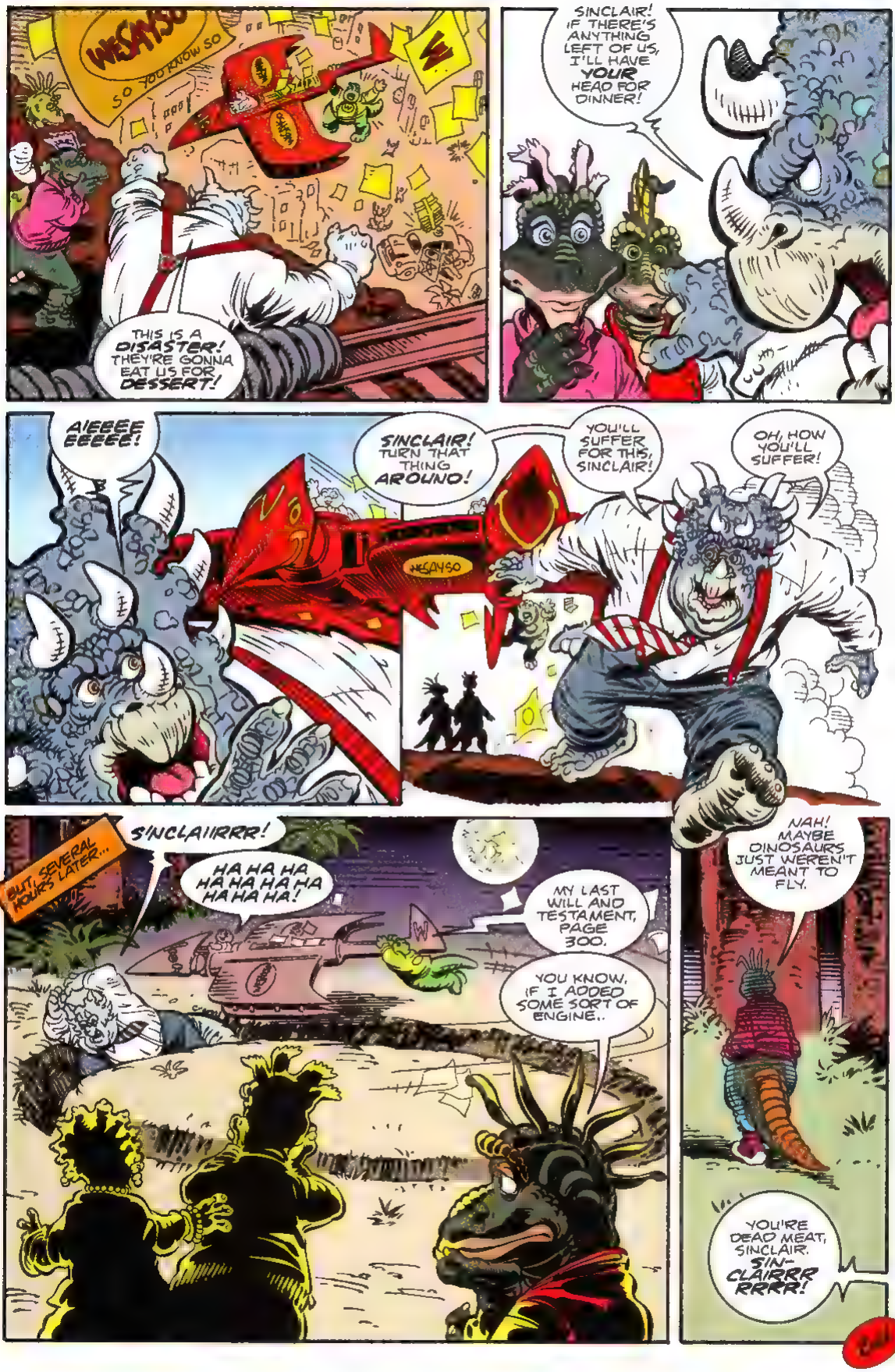
YES, MY CAPTAIN, SIR!

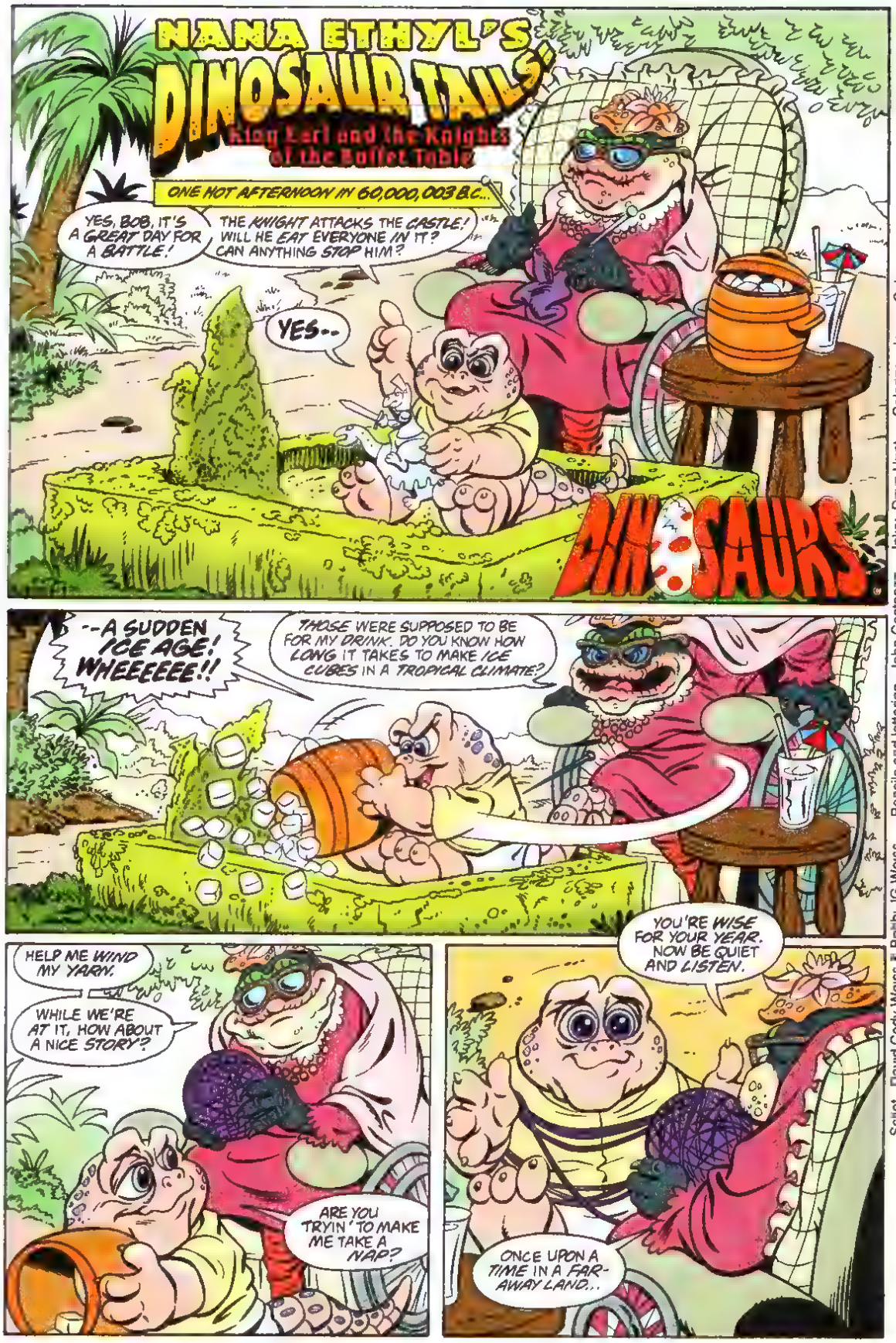
MY -LR-

EARL! LOOK!

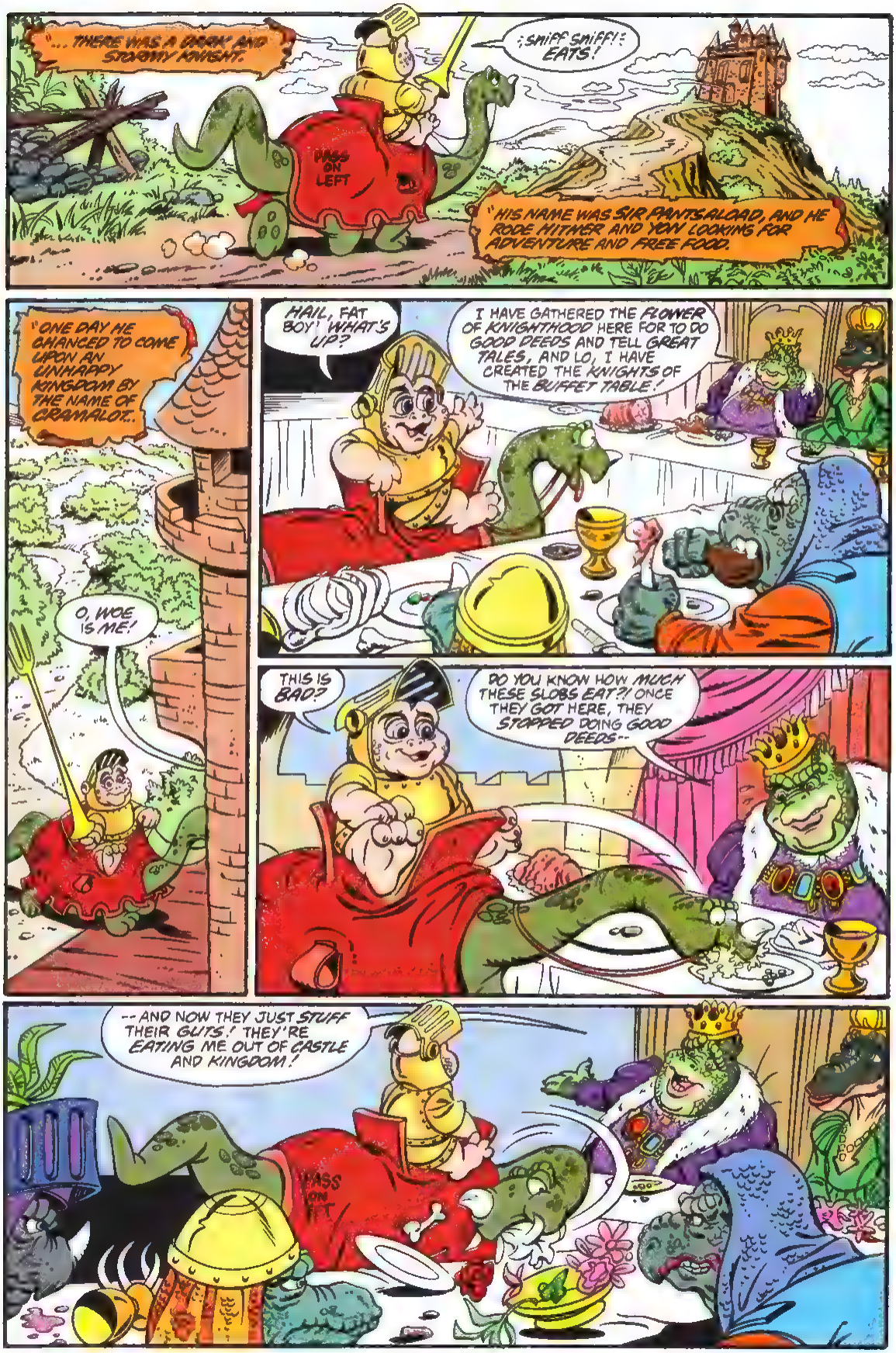
WHEEEEEEE! HERE I **GO!**

EARL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE -- SAVE HIM!
BUT IF I TRY, WE COULD BOTH GET HURT.
SAVE HIM OR YOU'RE SLEEPING UNDER THE GARAGE!
OF COURSE, FRAN. HOW COULD I HAVE THOUGHT OTHERWISE.
JUNIOR! COME BACK HERE!
WESAYSO
WHEEE EEEEE
SPRONNG!
NOOOOOOO!
WHEEEE EEEEE!
OFF WE GO, INTO DA WILD, BLUE YONDER..!
WESAYSO
WESAYSO
LOOK OUT!
CRASH!
SPANG
HOLD ON! I'M .. UH, OH!
WESAYSO FOR YOU!
LOOK! WESAYSO IS BEHIND THIS.
GEE. THEY'RE A MAJOR CORPORATION PRONE TO HEARTLESS AND INSENSITIVE BEHAVIOR!
WESAYSO
DOES THAT MEAN THEY DON'T WORK ONLY FOR OUR BENEFIT?
LET'S SUE THE BUMS!


WE SAY SO
SO YOU KNOW SO
THIS IS A DISASTER! THEY'RE GONNA EAT US FOR DESSERT!
SINCLAIR! IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF US, I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD FOR DINNER!
AIEEEE EEEEE!
SINCLAIR! TURN THAT THING AROUND!
YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS, SINCLAIR!
OH, HOW YOU'LL SUFFER!
BUT, SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
S'INCLAIIRRR!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, PAGE 300.
YOU KNOW, IF I ADDED SOME SORT OF ENGINE..
NAH! MAYBE DINOSAURS JUST WEREN'T MEANT TO FLY.
YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, SINCLAIR. SIN-CLAIRRR RRRR!


NANA ETHYL'S
DINOSAUR TAILS!
King Earl and the Knights of the Buffet Table
ONE HOT AFTERNOON IN 60,000,003 B.C...
YES, BOB, IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR A BATTLE!
THE KNIGHT ATTACKS THE CASTLE! WILL HE EAT EVERYONE IN IT? CAN ANYTHING STOP HIM?
YES--
DINOSAURS
--A SUDDEN ICE AGE! WHEEEEEE!!
THOSE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE FOR MY DRINK. DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES TO MAKE ICE CUBES IN A TROPICAL CLIMATE?
HELP ME WIND MY YARN.
WHILE WE'RE AT IT, HOW ABOUT A NICE STORY?
ARE YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE ME TAKE A NAP?
YOU'RE WISE FOR YOUR YEAR. NOW BE QUIET AND LISTEN.
ONCE UPON A TIME IN A FAR-AWAY LAND...

Script David Cody Weiss & Bobbi JG Weiss Pencils and lettering. John Costanza Inks: Dave Hunt Coloring Janice Cohen


"... THERE WAS A GOOFY AND STOUTHY KNIGHT.
;SNIFF SNIFF!: EATS!
PASS ON LEFT
"HIS NAME WAS SIR PANTSALOAD, AND HE RODE HITHER AND YON LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE AND FREE FOOD.
"ONE DAY HE CHANCED TO COME UPON AN UNHAPPY KINGDOM BY THE NAME OF CRAMALOT..
O, WOE IS ME!
HAIL, FAT BOY! WHAT'S UP?
I HAVE GATHERED THE FLOWER OF KNIGHTHOOD HERE FOR TO DO GOOD DEEDS AND TELL GREAT TALES, AND LO, I HAVE CREATED THE KNIGHTS OF THE BUFFET TABLE!
THIS IS BAD?
DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THESE SLOBS EAT?! ONCE THEY GOT HERE, THEY STOPPED DOING GOOD DEEDS--
-- AND NOW THEY JUST STUFF THEIR GUTS! THEY'RE EATING ME OUT OF CASTLE AND KINGDOM!
PASS ON IT

"THEN THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN FRANIVERE SPOKE...

YOU MUST HELP KING EARL, O BRAVE SIR PANTSALOAD!

IT IS SAID THAT SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS THE HOLY PAIL, A MAGICAL LUNCH BUCKET THAT IS EVER OVERFLOWING WITH RICH MEATS, CHOICE VIANDS--

-- AND STARCHY SWEETS THAT STICK TO YOUR RIBS LIKE GLUE!

FIND IT FOR US, SIR PANTSALOAD, AND SAVE OUR KINGDOM!

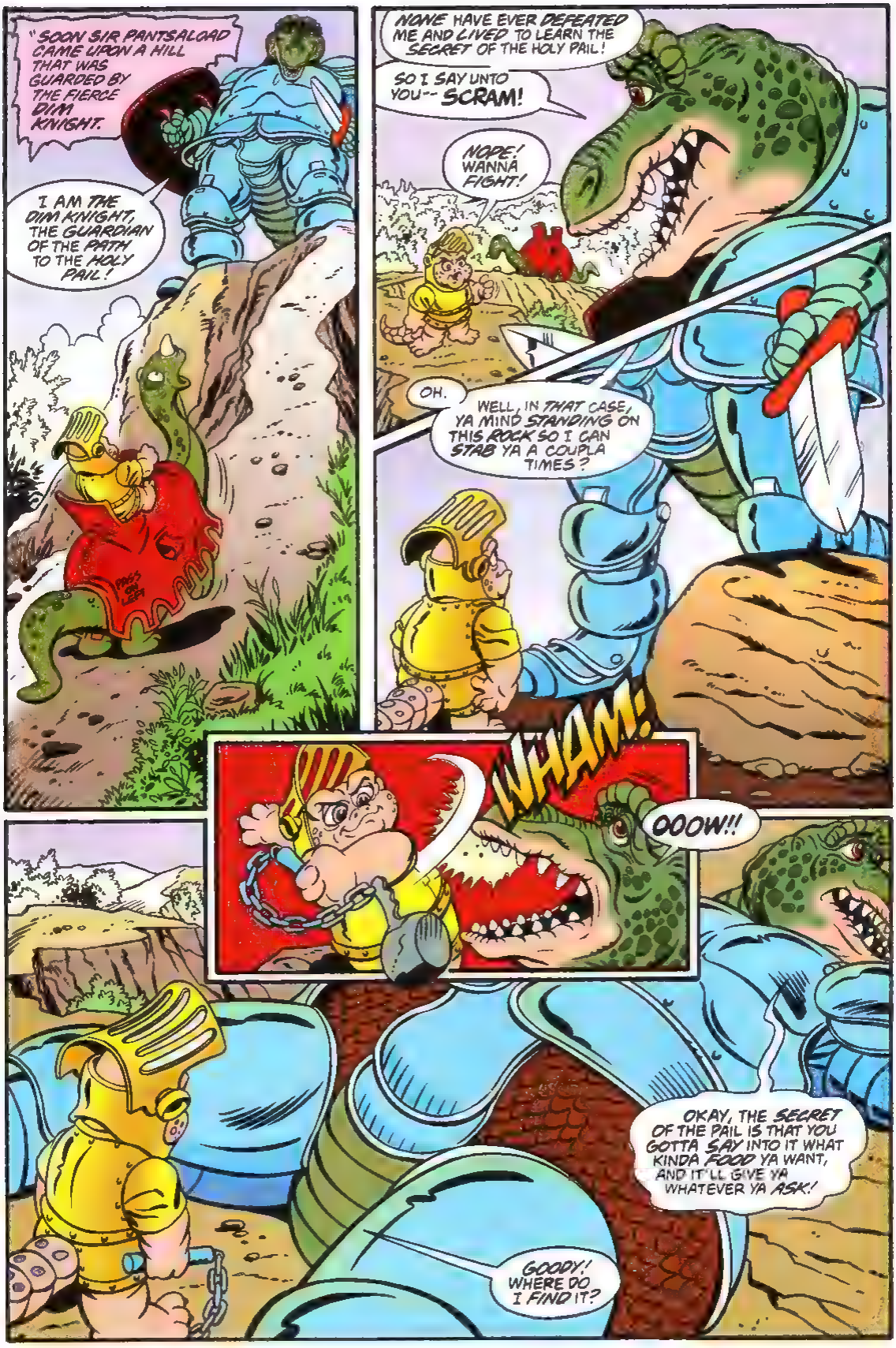
YOU GOT IT, LADY!

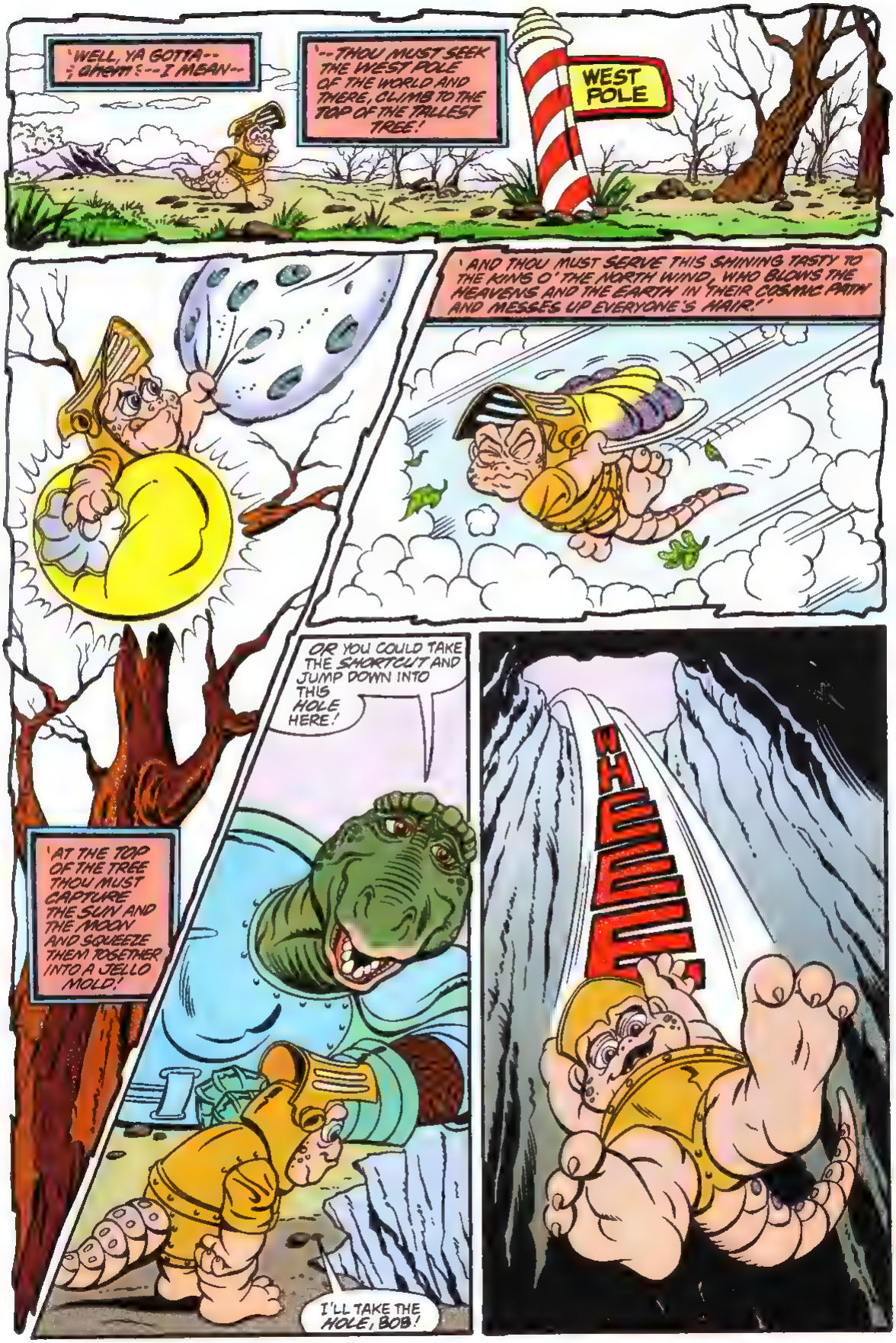
SNAP

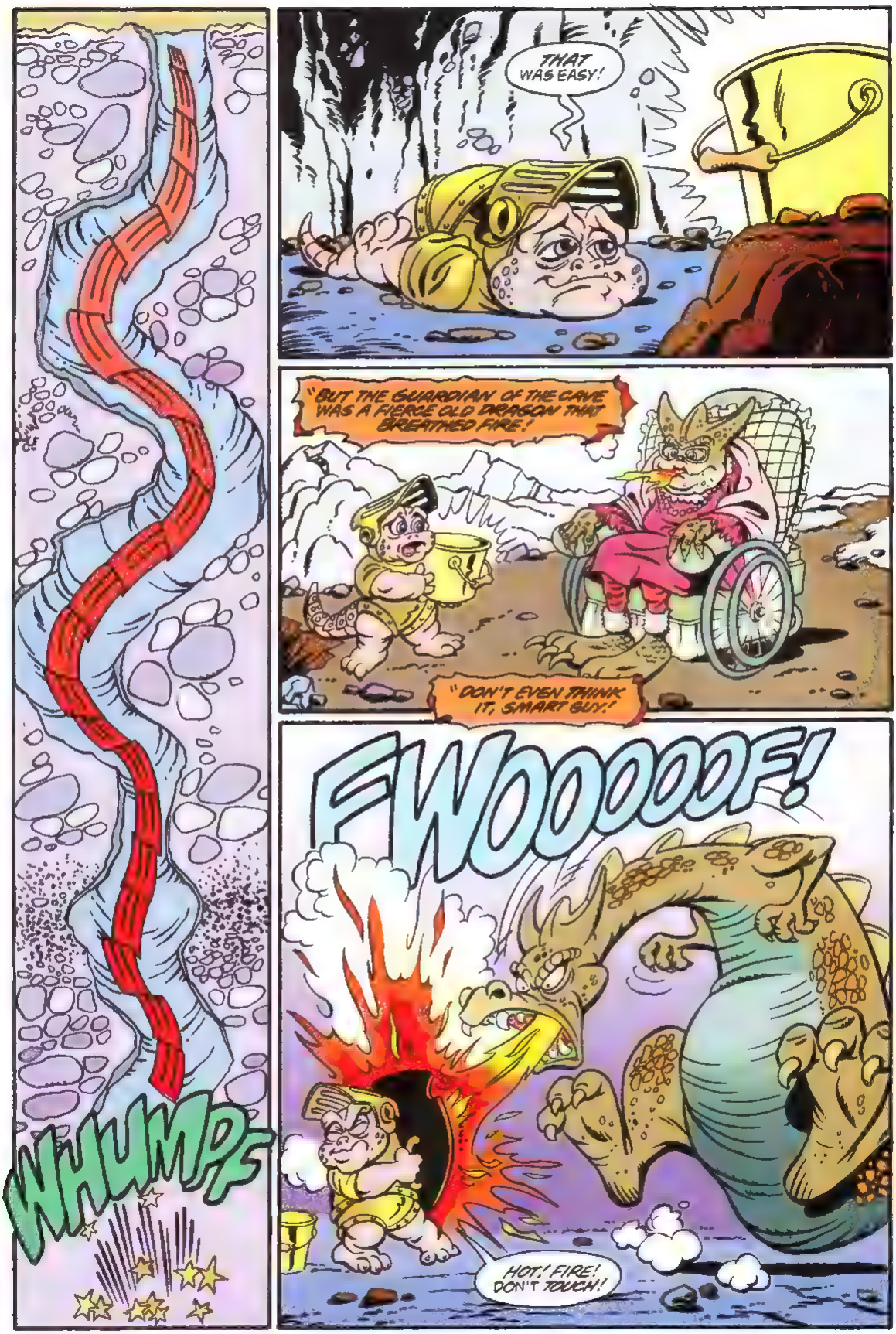
"AND GIVING THE TRADITIONAL SALUTE TO KING EARL...

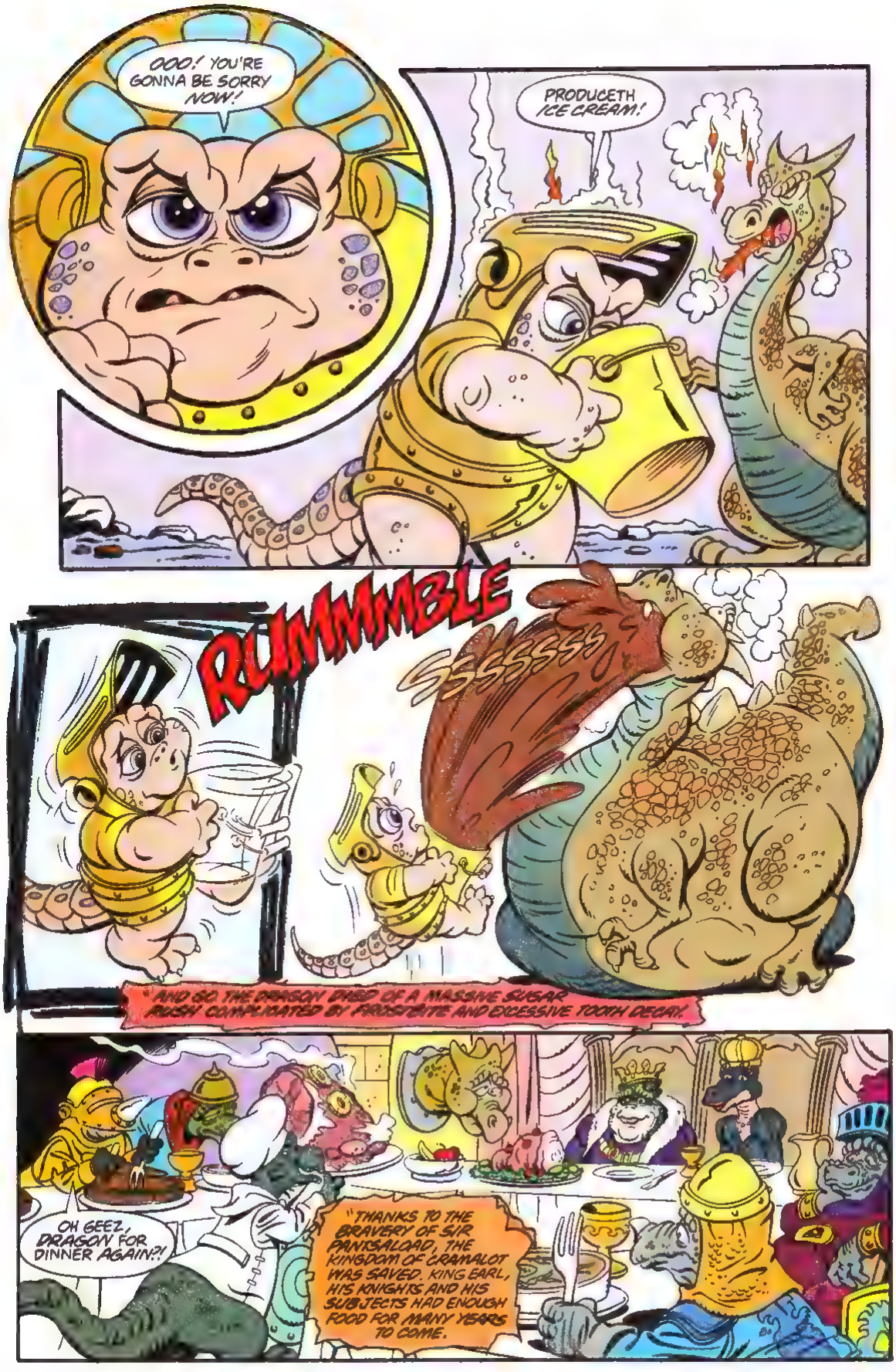
WHAM!

"...SIR PANTSALOAD SET OUT ON HIS QUEST TO FIND THE HOLY PAIL.


"SOON SIR PANTSALOAD CAME UPON A HILL THAT WAS GUARDED BY THE FIERCE DIM KNIGHT.
I AM THE DIM KNIGHT, THE GUARDIAN OF THE PATH TO THE HOLY PAIL!
NONE HAVE EVER DEFEATED ME AND LIVED TO LEARN THE SECRET OF THE HOLY PAIL!
SO I SAY UNTO YOU-- SCRAM!
NOPE! WANNA FIGHT!
OH.
WELL, IN THAT CASE, YA MIND STANDING ON THIS ROCK SO I CAN STAB YA A COUPLA TIMES?
WHAM!
OOOW!!
OKAY, THE SECRET OF THE PAIL IS THAT YOU GOTTA SAY INTO IT WHAT KINDA FOOD YA WANT, AND IT'LL GIVE YA WHATEVER YA ASK!
GOODY! WHERE DO I FIND IT?


'WELL, YA GOTTA-- ; ahem ; --I MEAN--
'--THOU MUST SEEK THE WEST POLE OF THE WORLD AND THERE, CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE TALLEST TREE!'
WEST POLE
'AND THOU MUST SERVE THIS SHINING TASTY TO THE KING O' THE NORTH WIND, WHO BLOWS THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH IN THEIR COSMIC PATH AND MESSES UP EVERYONE'S HAIR!'
'AT THE TOP OF THE TREE THOU MUST CAPTURE THE SUN AND THE MOON AND SQUEEZE THEM TOGETHER INTO A JELLO MOLD!'
OR YOU COULD TAKE THE SHORTCUT AND JUMP DOWN INTO THIS HOLE HERE!
I'LL TAKE THE HOLE, BOB!
WHEEE


WHUMP!
THAT WAS EASY!
"BUT THE GUARDIAN OF THE CAVE WAS A FIERCE OLD DRAGON THAT BREATHED FIRE!
"DON'T EVEN THINK IT, SMART GUY!
FWOOOOOF!
HOT! FIRE! DON'T TOUCH!


OOO! YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY NOW!
PRODUCETH ICE CREAM!
RUMMMBLE
SSSSSSS
"AND SO THE DRAGON DIED OF A MASSIVE SUGAR RUSH' COMPLICATED BY FROSTBITE AND EXCESSIVE TOOTH DECAY.
OH GEEZ, DRAGON FOR DINNER AGAIN?!
"THANKS TO THE BRAVERY OF SIR PANTSALOAD, THE KINGDOM OF CRAMALOT WAS SAVED. KING EARL, HIS KNIGHTS AND HIS SUBJECTS HAD ENOUGH FOOD FOR MANY YEARS TO COME.

"AND BRAVE SIR PANTSALOAD RETIRED TO HIS CASTLE BY THE SEA...

PRODUCETH CHOCOLATE!

AND SOME YOGURT!!

AND CANDY CANDY-CANDY!!!!

SLURP! BURP! SLORP!

"...WHERE HE ATE HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

NOW TAKE YOUR NAP. HOPE YOU'RE COMFORTABLE. I'LL COME BACK AND UNWRAP YOU IN AN HOUR.

WAAAAAHHH

OH, OKAY, HAVE IT YOUR WAY!

HEH HEH. NOW MAYBE I CAN WATCH MY SOAPS IN PEACE.

The End

DINOSAURS

ONE AFTERNOON IN 60,000,003 B.C....

NAP TIME. NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES.

NOT TIRED!

CLOSE 'EM OR I'LL TAPE 'EM SHUT

YOU WOULDN'T!

TRY ME.

# NANA ETHYL'S DINOSAUR TAILS:

# BABY AND THE BEANSTALK

KJ8C23-1

TELL ME A STORY?

THEN YOU'LL TAKE YOUR NAP?

MAYBE!

OKAY

ONCE UPON A TIME--

MAKE IT GOOO!

I WILL BE QUIET.

ONCE UPON A TIME--

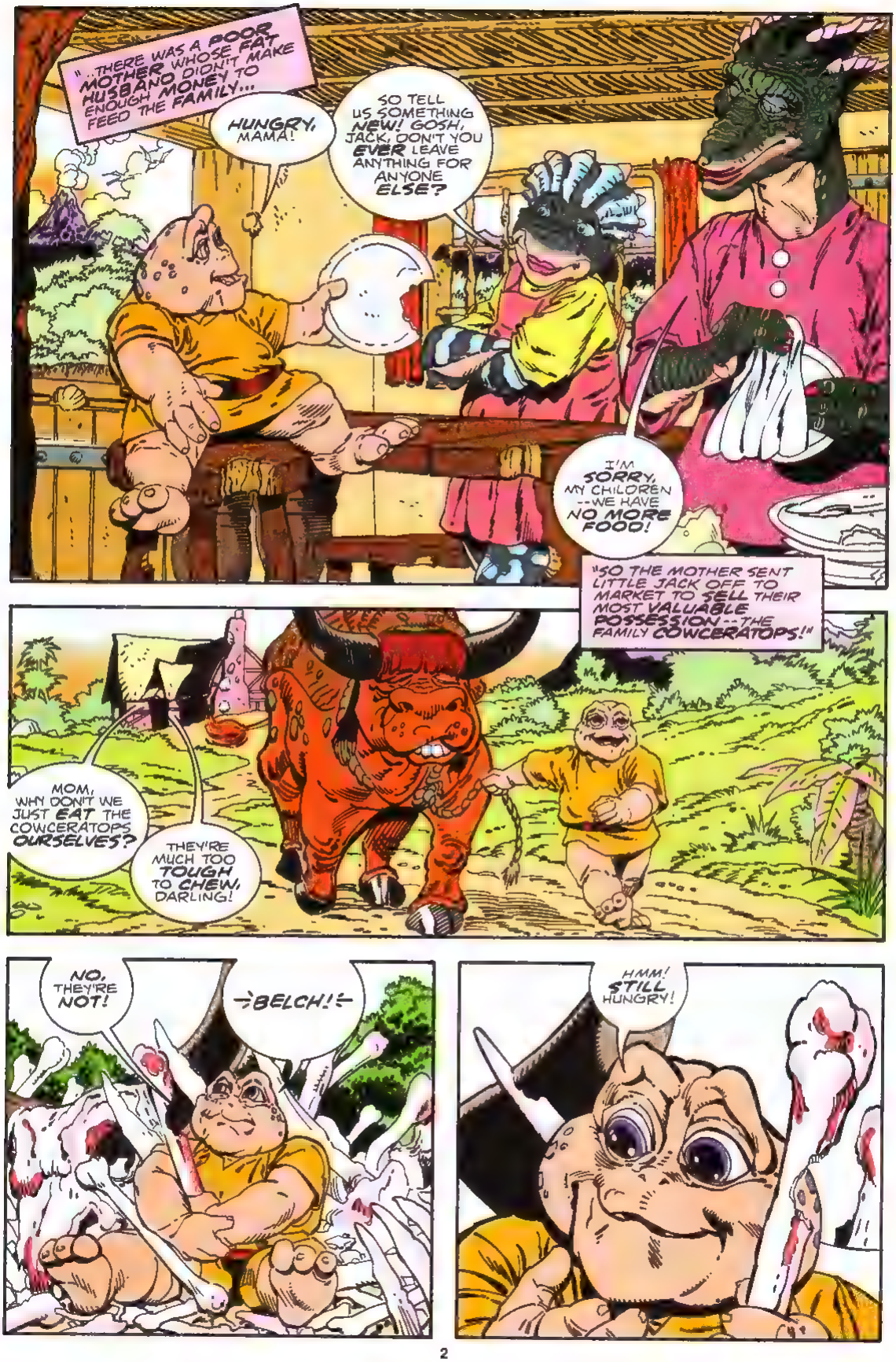
WITH LOTS OF VIOLENCE!

JUST HUSH UP AND LISTEN. ONCE UPON A TIME--

AM I IN IT?

NOT IF I KILL YOU FIRST! NOW ONCE UPON A TIME IN A FARAWAY LAND...

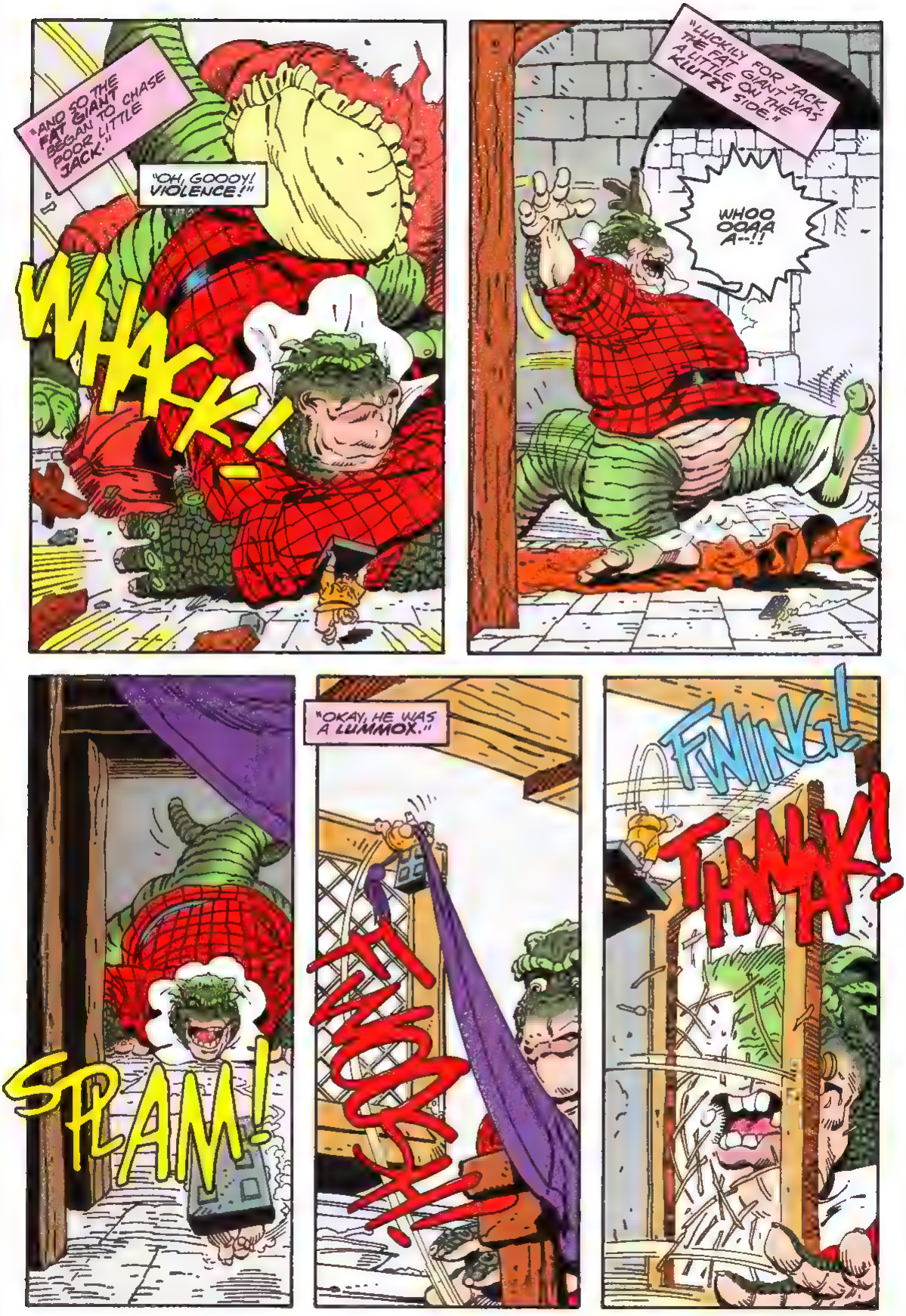
Plot: David Cody Weiss & Bobbi JG Weiss  Pencils: Jackson Guice  Inks: Steve Mitchell  Lettering: John Workman  Coloring: Jo Meugniot

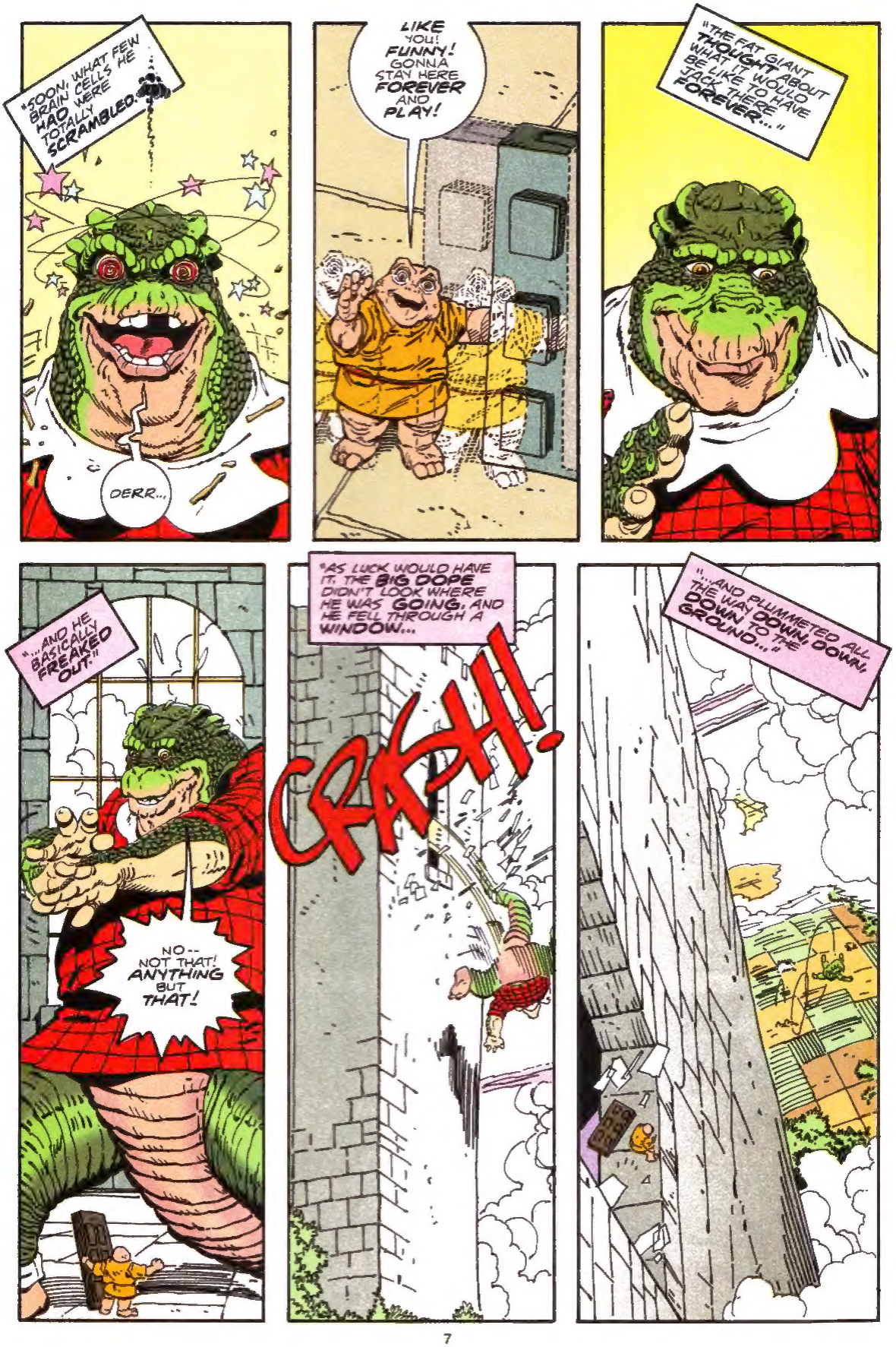

"...THERE WAS A POOR MOTHER WHOSE FAT HUSBAND DIDN'T MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO FEED THE FAMILY...
HUNGRY, MAMA!
SO TELL US SOMETHING NEW! GOSH, JACK, DON'T YOU EVER LEAVE ANYTHING FOR ANYONE ELSE?
I'M SORRY, MY CHILDREN --WE HAVE NO MORE FOOD!
"SO THE MOTHER SENT LITTLE JACK OFF TO MARKET TO SELL THEIR MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION--THE FAMILY COWCERATOPS!"
MOM, WHY DON'T WE JUST EAT THE COWCERATOPS OURSELVES?
THEY'RE MUCH TOO TOUGH TO CHEW, DARLING!
NO, THEY'RE NOT!
→BELCH!←
HMM! STILL HUNGRY!

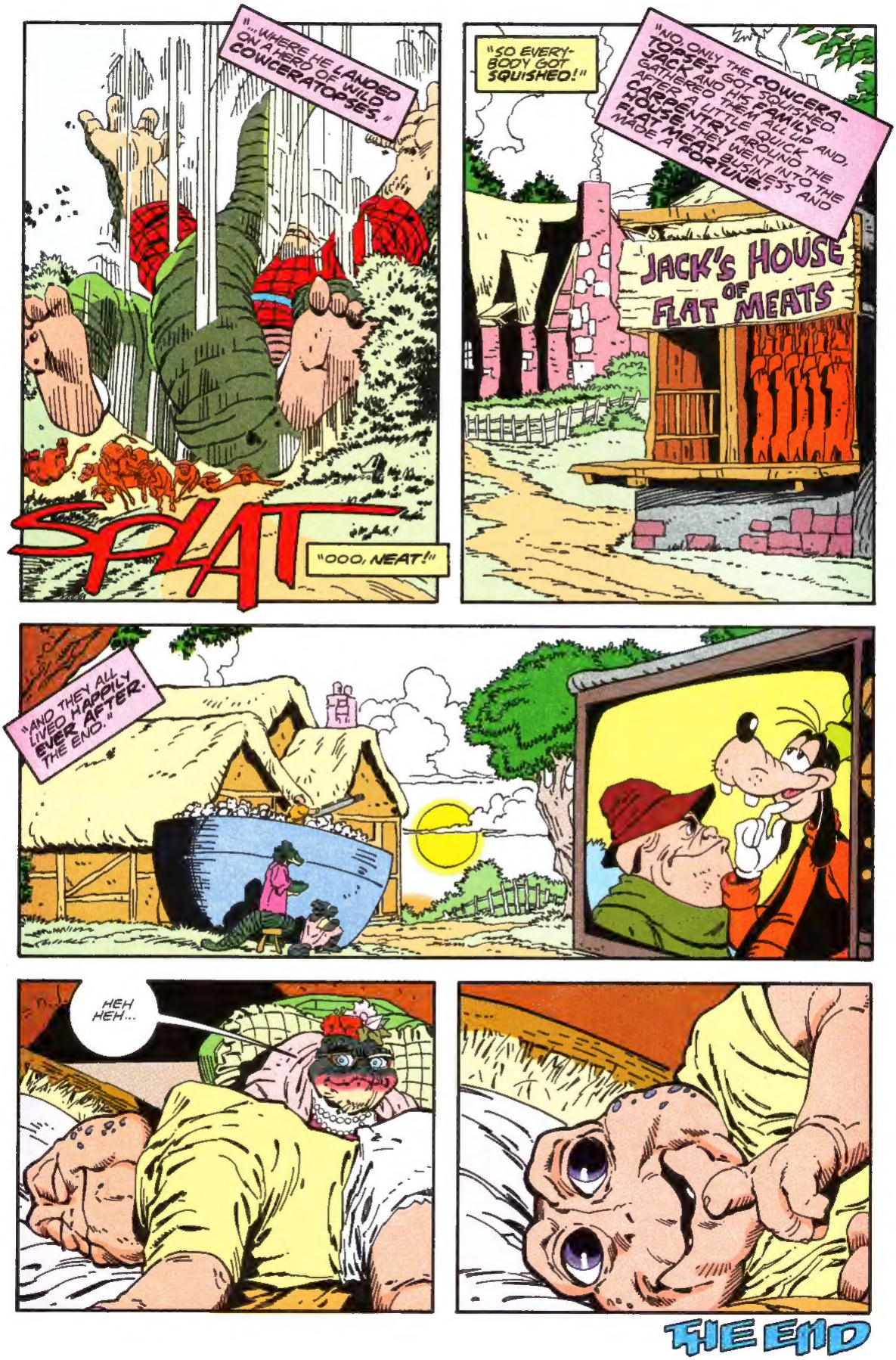
"JUST THEN, A STRANGER HAPPENED ALONG THE ROAD, AND HE OFFERED JACK A HANDFUL OF PTUI BEANS TO EAT."
"PTUI BEANS? YUUCK!"
"YES, BUT THEY WERE MAGIC PTUI BEANS!"
PTUI!
"WHEN THEY HIT THE GROUND, THEY INSTANTLY GREW INTO A HUGE BEANSTALK, WHICH JACK CLIMBED WITH NO EFFORT AT ALL."
WHAA AAAA --!?
"AT THE TOP OF THE BEANSTALK, JACK FOUND AN ENORMOUS CASTLE SITTING ON A CLOUD!"
OOO!

"NATURALLY, HE VENTURED INSIDE..."
HELLO!
ANYBODY HOME?
"...TO FIND WONDERS BEYOND HIS WILDEST IMAGINATION!!!"
=GASP!=
WOW! CARTOONS! POPCORN!
FAT CITY!
"BUT UNBEKNOWNST TO LITTLE JACK..."
STOMP STOMP STOMP!
=SNIFF SNIFF!= HMMM...

FEE FUM FI FO, WHERE'D MY TV REMOTE CONTROL GO? IT'S TIME FOR THE WRESTLING SHOW!
WHO'S BEEN EATING MY POPCORN ?!
"HEY, WRONG STORY!"
"SORRY."
THAT'S MAGIC POPCORN! THE BOWL NEVER GOES EMPTY! NOW GET OUTTA THERE BEFORE YOU RUIN IT!
MAGIC POPCORN ???
AND GIMME THAT REMOTE CONTROL!
IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THAT REMOTE CONTROL, YOU'RE GONNA BE ONE SORRY LITTLE LIZARD!
MINE!


"AND SO THE FAT GIANT BEGAN TO CHASE POOR LITTLE JACK."
"OH, GOODY! VIOLENCE!"
WHACK!
"LUCKILY FOR JACK, THE FAT GIANT WAS A LITTLE ON THE KLUTZY SIDE."
WHOO OOAA A--!!
SPLAM!
"OKAY, HE WAS A LUMMOX."
TWANG!
FWING!
THWAK!


"SOON, WHAT FEW BRAIN CELLS HE HAD WERE TOTALLY SCRAMBLED."
DERR...
LIKE YOU! FUNNY! GONNA STAY HERE FOREVER AND PLAY!
"THE FAT GIANT THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO HAVE JACK THERE FOREVER..."
"...AND HE BASICALLY FREAKED OUT."
NO-- NOT THAT! ANYTHING BUT THAT!
"AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, THE BIG DOPE DIDN'T LOOK WHERE HE WAS GOING, AND HE FELL THROUGH A WINDOW...
CRASH!
"...AND PLUMMETED ALL THE WAY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN TO THE GROUND..."


"...WHERE HE LANDED ON A HERD OF WILD COWCERATOPSES."
SPLAT
"OOO, NEAT!"
"SO EVERY-BODY GOT SQUISHED!"
"NO, ONLY THE COWCERA-TOPSES GOT SQUISHED. JACK AND HIS FAMILY GATHERED THEM ALL UP AFTER A LITTLE QUICK AND, CARPENTRY THEY AROUND THE HOUSE, WENT INTO THE FLAT MEAT BUSINESS AND MADE A FORTUNE."
JACK'S HOUSE OF FLAT MEATS
"AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. THE END."
HEH HEH...
THE END

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